

A  
*Miscellaneous Collection*  
OF  
P O E M S,  
*Songs and Epigrams.*

---

By several Hands. *K*

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*Publisk'd by T. M. GENT.*

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VOL. I.

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*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura  
Quæ legis hic; aliter non fit, Avite, liber. Mart.*

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*Dublin: Printed by A. RHAMES, 1721.*







TO THE  
READER.

**T**H E Printer having, according to Custom, left a few Blank Leaves at the Beginning of the Book for a Preface, I was brought into great Distress to find something proper to say upon that Occasion: I am too much Interested in the following Collection, to expect that the Reader will be prepossess'd in favour of it by any Thing that I can

A 2 write

## To the Reader.

*write ; And indeed, I would not have him take my Word, it will speak much better for it self than any Thing I am able to do ; And therefore I will not detain him with insipid Thoughts of my own, from an Entertainment, which, I flatter my self, will please the most delicate Taste.*

*I would only beg Leave to assure the Reader, that the following POEMS have pass'd the Examination of very good Judges, for which Reason, without assuming too much to my self, I may have Ground to hope that they may not disappoint the Expectation of those Gentlemen and Ladies that have done me the Honour to be Subscribers ; And if it should be my good Fortune to please them, no peevish Critick shall give me Pain by indulging his own ill-natur'd Pleasure, but I will refer the whole Species to those two Lines of Martial in the Title-Page of the Second Volume.*

*Many of the Pieces are entirely Original, and the rest are such as were never bound up in any Volume, except some few (and most of those very much improved)*  
*which*

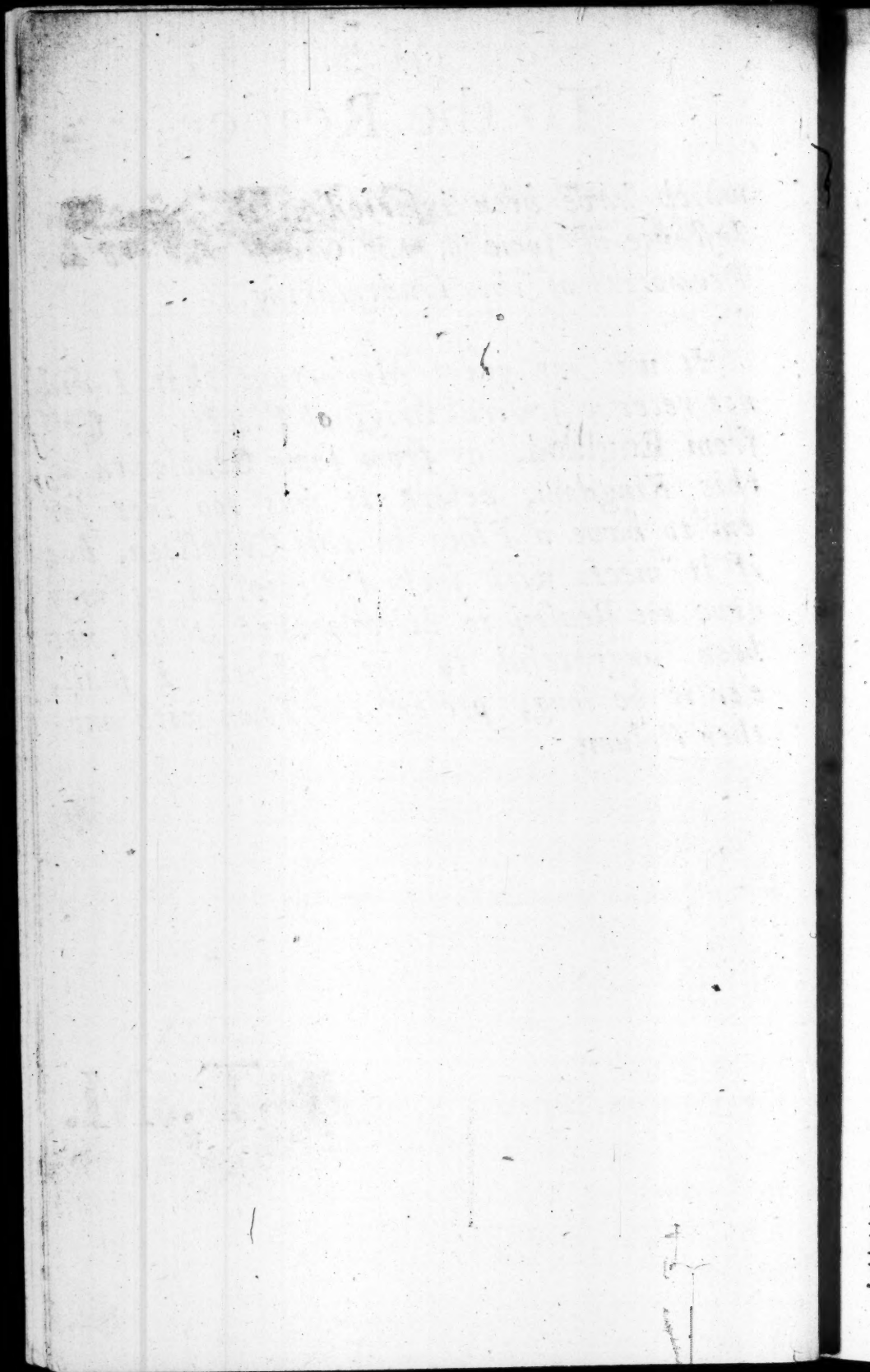


## To the Reader.

*which have been inserted at the particular Instance of some of the Gentlemen who are Promoters of this Undertaking.*

*It was my great Misfortune that I did not receive several Original Pieces, as well from England, as from some Gentlemen of this Kingdom, before it was too late for 'em to have a Place in this Collection, but if it meets with such a Reception as may give me Reason to believe that it has not been ungrateful to the Publick, I shall, e'er it be long, present the Town with another Volume.*

T. M.





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A  
P O E M

On the first Arrival of His M A J E S T Y  
King G E O R G E in *England*.



OW Night retires, and, glorious, breaks  
the Day,

That cheers Mankind with an auspicious  
Ray;

When mighty B R U N S W I C K laid his  
strict Commands,

To man the Ships, and leave the *Belgian* Strands.

In their own Element they graceful Ride,

BRITANNIA'S Safety, and her chiefest Pride:

The harden'd Oaks, the Product of her Soil,

Thus gloriously reward the Labourer's Toil;

The greatest good, Heav'n e'er did grant, they bring,

To waiting BRITONS, their expected King :

B

Bless'd

Bless'd be the Hills, whose fruitful Glebes produce  
Trees, only fit for such a glorious Use.

The od'rous Cedar, and the lofry Pine,  
And the moist Fir, whose Balm is Turpentine,  
Are only us'd for some less great Design:

Yet they, by wisest *Solomon*, were held  
The fittest Trees the House of GOD to build.

But ALBION, in those Days an Isle unknown,  
Has later Ages, her rich Product shown:

By which her Power o'er all the Globe does stretch,  
That ev'n her Ships scarce bound th' extended Reach.

Kind *Neptune* shook his Trident o'er the Deep,  
And gentle Winds lay only not asleep.

Bright *Amphitrite* left her shelly Grove,  
Queen of the Seas, and hoary *Neptune's* Love.

With Coral-Fillets bound her Silver Hair;

And all the Riches that are treasur'd there,

The *Nereids* cull'd, to grace the naked Fair.

Such Charms around her shone; which had you seen,

Another *Venus*, you'd have thought she'd been;

Less fair the Dame, whom ancient Stories say,

The *Hebrew* Elders bathing did survey.

Attended by her Nymphs the Goddess shone,

(The Nymphs their best Attire had all put on)

Her Trident Amber, and a Couch her Throne:

The Mereman, *Glaukus*, rul'd her fiery Steeds;

His wither'd Temples bound with Sea-green Weeds:



# MISCELLANY POEMS.

3

Whilst fam'd *Arion* tun'd his well-strung Lyre;  
 And rais'd to boundless Joys each Nymphs Desire.  
 He sung (for who could better sing than he,  
 The chief Musician of the depthless Sea)  
 How mighty *Jove*, once, mad with impious Love  
 Of fair *Europa*, left the Realms above:  
 On the *Phœnician* Coast she sporting stood,  
 Amidst her Maids, besides the dimpl'd Flood:  
 When a white Bull came bellowing o'er the Land,  
 And pleas'd, with wanton Frisks, the youthful Band:  
 Across his Back the bright *Europa* strode;  
 The am'rous Bull, secur'd thus of his Load,  
 Made to the Shore, and flounc'd into the Flood.  
 Her frighted Maids, with Horrör in their Eyes,  
 Urge the high Heavens with unavailing Cries:  
 Rouz'd at the dreadful Noise, I rais'd my Head,  
 And saw the Queen to *Creta's* Coast convey'd.  
 Thus as he sung; to his reviving Lay,  
 On the smooth Seas, delighted Dolphins play:  
 Whilst on his Harp the various Notes combine,  
 To speak the Artift, and the Art divine.  
 But thro' the thronged *Belgian* Streets was seen  
 A different Face of Things, another Scene.  
 As, on the Fields, the industrious Ants around,  
 Spread a large Troop, and blacken all the Ground;  
 That, whilst the Sun darts forth his Summer's Heat,  
 Store up 'gainst Winter's Cold their lasting Meat:



So the thick People warm the darken'd Shore;  
 And a propitious Voyage all implore:  
 Whilst great *Augustus*, with his *British* Train,  
 Trusts all our Hopes to the uncertain Main.  
 Loud Shouts of Acclamations rend the Skies,  
 The grateful Tokens of the Peoples Joys.  
 Now, with full Sails, the Ships begin to sweep  
 The azure Plain, and cleave the yielding Deep:  
 So smooth and calm the Sea, the Sky so clear;  
 As when the Fishers Ship it's Saviour Lord did bear.  
 Waft him, ye Winds, and Tides, securely o'er,  
 Waft him, but waft him soon to *Albion's* Shore.  
 Let no false Gale aside his Vessel turn;  
 And, by ill-fated Chance, make *Albion* Mourn;  
 As when the Winds, and angry *Juno*, tost  
 Fair *Venus* Off-spring from his destin'd Coast:  
 Our well-built Ships do bear a greater Load,  
 A happier Prince, and ENGLAND's chiefest Good,  
 Our Pray'rs are heard: *Tama* receives her Lord,  
 (*Tama* by all the Water-Nymphs ador'd)  
 Around his gilded Barge she joyful sings  
 The Nation's Wealth, and Glory of her Kings.  
 Her Chrystal Streams rowl over Golden Ore;  
 And bulwark'd Towers adorn her fertile Shore.  
 But see our great DEFENDER safely land,  
 And crouding round him thankful *Britons* stand;  
 With heighten'd Joy they shout; and, with Amaze,  
 In awful Distance, at his Person gaze:

Where

## MISCELLANY POEMS.

Where every Virtue in such Light appears,  
 As speaks the sacred Image that he bears.  
 On his left Hand the Prince does move along,  
 Sedate, yet sprightly; beautiful, yet strong.  
 Third *Edward's* Son we see in him revive;  
 And view the Black-Prince, once again, alive.  
 May like Success still sparkle on his Sword,  
 To conquer Rebels, and confess it's Lord;  
 To raise new Subjects for the Poet's Song;  
 Trophies in joyful *Britain's* Temple hung,  
 Wreath'd round with Lawrel, ever green, and young.  
 Paint him, ye Poets, in immortal Strains:  
 His Virtues will excite your utmost Pains,  
 To me, the meanest of your Tribe belongs,  
 To show the HERO worthy of your Songs:  
 For nobler Pens I leave the great Design,  
 Those who cou'd sing great *William* on the *Boyn*,  
 May find a Subject here, which can ev'n that outshine.  
 Henceforth, the Bard no more shall rack his Brain,  
 And from old Stories for Examples strain;  
 To paint a future Hero in his Verse,  
 Thy Virtues, Prince, he only needs rehearse:  
 That copious Subject will his Pen employ;  
 And Repetitions, there, will never cloy.

But now the wish'd-for lovely Morning gilds  
 The stately Palace, and the verdant Fields:  
 From every quarter of the Town repair,  
 To see, and to be seen, the well-drest Fair.

The propt Balconies bend beneath the Weight;  
 But Beauties Charms uphold their urged Fate.  
 The Silphs, and Silphids, busy, fly around,  
 And peevish Gnomes are spread o'er all the Town:  
 Yet all in vain; for Beauties Queen attends:  
 And, with her little Guards, the Nymphs defends:  
 That no ill Whisper might, that Day, defame  
 The rich Brocade, or spotless Virgin's Name:  
 The sacred Day, to GEORGE's Glory due;  
 And may that sacred Day be ever new!  
 Each throng'd Balcony various lustre Rays,  
 And fills the Streets with one continued Blaze:  
 With blushing Light, behold the chearing Sun,  
 Asham'd to find his Brightness so outdone.

Now, cou'd I sing the Grandeur of the Day,  
 And all the different Scenes of Joy display;  
 'Twou'd more than fully recompence my Pains,  
 And add a Brightness to my languid Strains.  
 But stop, my Muse, the Flight too high I see:  
 Thou ne'er Pretences mad'st to Extasy.  
 Enough, if humble, thou can'st rightly sing  
 The joyful Passage of the glorious KING:  
 Which does all other Triumphs far outshine,  
 As *Virgil's* heav'nly Strains compar'd with thine.  
 Ne'er *Pompey* heard, nor *Cæsar*, Roman Lords,  
 (Tho' Victory sat smiling on their Swords)  
 Such Shouts of Joy, as thou most welcome Prince;  
 For, Liberty enslav'd was their Offence:

# MISCELLANY POEMS.

7

Thou mak'st the heav'n-born Goddeſs, ſtill, more bright;  
Secur'ſt her Empire, and uphold'ſt her Right.

Heav'n with delighted Views, looks down below;  
And ſmiles to ſee THEE live, and govern too;

To ſee THEE live, the Partner of his Sway;

Whilſt Nations THEE, as thou doſt Heav'n obey.

Whoſe chiefeſt Care we, in this Work, may ſee;

To place us under ſo much Piety.

Now may the Hindes ſecurely Plow the Field;

And reap the bounteous Harveſt, which they yield:

No Danger, but from Winds, and Clouds may fear,

To ſpoil the wholeſome Fruits, and taint the Year.

Whilſt loaded Ships may Plow the boiſt'rous Main,

And well reward the Merchant's toilsome Pain:

His Right ſecur'd, will ſtill advance his Gain.

Each Heart Unites, and vain Diſſentions ceaſe;

And Faction ſhall no more diſturb our Peace.

So when two angry Billows foam, and rage;

*Neptune* alone their Fury can aſſwage:

With curling Streams, they meet each others Breſt,

And join'd in Love, no more the God moleſt.







A  
P O E M  
To the MEMORY of  
*T H O M A S,*  
Late Marquis of *Wharton,*  
Lord PRIVY-SEAL.



AIN are these \* Poms, thy Funeral Rites  
to grace,  
And blazon forth thy long *Patrician* Race;  
These Banners mark'd with boasted † Feats  
of old,  
And Streamers waving with distinguish'd Gold:

---

\* *The Marquis of Wharton was Interr'd at Winchindon, April 22, 1715. the total Eclipse of the Sun happening whilst his Remains were upon the Road thither.*

† *Plaisir en fait d'Armes. The Motto of the Wharton's Arms.*



## MISCELLANY POEMS.

Proud *Hieroglyphicks*! where are darkly shown  
Thy brave Fore-fathers Merits, not thy own.  
Herald forbear! these painted Honours give,  
To Names that only in thy Paint can live.  
Thy Colours fade near this illustrious Clay,  
And all thy gawdy gilding-dyes away.

See, Heav'n displeas'd thy fond Attempt upbraids,  
And claims the Province thy bold Hand invades;  
Untimely Darknefs gathering round the Skies,  
Blackens the Morn to grace his Obsequies.  
The sickning Sun shines dim, and in the fight  
Of gazing Crowds, resigns his waining Light;  
Mark how he labours with Relapse of Night!  
How his diminish'd Face a Crescent seems,  
Like *Cynthia* newly silver'd with his Beams.  
But as in full Eclipse his Light expires,  
Back to its Source our gelid Blood retires;  
Chill'd with Surprise, our trembling Joints unbrace,  
And pale Confusion sits on ev'ry Face.  
The bleating Flocks, no more the Shepherds Care,  
Stray from those Folds to which they would repair,  
Home to his Young the Raven wings his Way,  
And leaves behind him his untasted Prey.  
While tow'ring Larks their rival Notes prolong,  
They drop benighted in their Morning Song.  
Darknefs and Horror reign o'er Earth and Skies,  
And Nature for a while with WHARTON dies.

O! speak, refulgent Parent of the Day!  
 With beamy Eye who dost the Globe survey;  
 Thou radiant Source of Wits diviner Fire!  
 Thou truest Judge of what thou do'st inspire!  
 Say, hast thou seen in any Age, or Clime,  
 Since thy bright Race began to measure Time,  
 So great a Genius rise? In ev'ry Part  
 So form'd by Nature, finish'd so by Art?

Such manly Sense, with so much fire of Mind?  
 Judgment so strong, to Wit so lively join'd?  
 No Prepossession sway'd his equal Soul,  
 Steady to Truth she pointed as her Pole:  
 Convinc'd of varying in the least Degrees,  
 Her pliant Index she reclaim'd with Ease.  
 Early thro' Custom's and Prescription's Yoke,  
 Tyrants of weaker Souls, his Reason broke.  
 Good Sense revering from the meanest Hand,  
 He durst Authority in Robes withstand.

Determin'd always on maturer Thought;  
 Still by new Reasons, to new Measures brought;  
 Firm, but not Stubborn; Thoughtful, not Involv'd;  
 Swift to perform what slowly he resolv'd.

No Tempests rag'd within his peaceful Breast,  
 Where kindling Passion, Reason soon suppress.

Midst all Events his Firmness he maintain'd,  
Strugled with great, but slighter Ills disdain'd.  
Thus what Philosophers could only preach,  
His inborn Virtue did in Practice reach.

Nature design'd him Master of Address,  
None knew it more, nor seem'd to know it less,  
It work'd like Magick on your yielding Heart,  
Sure was the Charm, but secret was the Art.  
In Human Nature most exactly learn'd,  
The artful Man he through his Masque discern'd,  
With chosen Baits that every Temper take,  
He knew of Knave or Fool good Use to make.

His easie Breeding, free from Forms and Rules,  
That stiffen the Civility of Fools,  
Of various Turn, for all Occasions fit,  
Was squar'd with Judgment, and well touch'd with Wit,  
Free of Access, from Affectation clean,  
Great without Pride, nor when familiar, Mean.  
Obliging always with good-natur'd Sense,  
Nor apt to give, nor apt to take Offence.  
Nor fond when kind, nor harsh when most severe,  
Betwixt extreams he justly knew to steer.

In Conversation wond'rous was his Art  
To guard his own, and sist another's Heart.

To Mirth and Wit he led the chearful Way,  
Reserv'dly Open and discreetly Gay;  
Nor could the softest Hour his secret Soul betray.  
Bright as the Youngest, as the Oldest Wife,  
In both Extreame, alike he gave Surprize.

In Body active, yet his sprightly Mind  
Within that Body felt her self confin'd.  
When Thoughts important claim'd no longer Place,  
Then Building, Planting, and the speedy Race,  
Paintings and Books, successive took their Round,  
No Blanks of Time were in his Journal found.  
Skill'd in the Ends of his Existence, he  
To be unuseful, thought was not to be.

Polite his Taste of Arts, but vain was Art  
Where Nature had so greatly done her Part.  
Through tiresome Mediums we at Truth arrive;  
His easie Knowledge seem'd *Intuitive*.  
No copy'd Beauties meanly form'd his Mind,  
By Heav'n a great Original design'd.  
The Seeds of Science in his Blood were sown,  
Born with Philosophy, 'twas all his own.

Nor Bribes nor Threatnings could his Zeal abate  
To serve his Country, and avert her Fate.  
Firm to her Laws and Liberties he stood,  
Submitting private Views to publick Good.



Who could Obsequious with the Current swim,  
Whigs might be call'd, but Tories were to him.  
Persons or Parties he no longer knew,  
When swerving once from Honest, Just, and True.  
Oft has he stem'd the Rage of Impious Times,  
When Patriots Virtues bore the Brand of Crimes.  
To check proud Tyrants born, and Factions awe,  
But most devoted to good Kings and Law.  
Twice his dear Country was on Ruin's Brink,  
Resolv'd to save her, or with her to sink,  
His brave Attempts successful twice he saw,  
Once in Wise BRUNSWICK, once in Great Nassau.

No bolder Champion in Religion's Cause;  
None fought more Battles, nor with more Applause.  
To Arms he flew as Danger press'd her Home,  
And snatch'd the hopeless Prey from *France* and *Rome*.  
But as from Conscience pure, Religion springs,  
He Freedom press'd in Unessential Things.  
Coercive Laws, he rightly understood,  
Might make Men Hypocrites, but never good.  
All genuine Virtue is by Nature free;  
And will, when forc'd, no longer Virtue be.

Who justly would his Eloquence declare,  
Himself must WHARTON's fertile Genius share.  
Would you conceive it? See how o'er the Sands  
Fair *Thames* advances where *Augusta* stands.



Gentle he flows, but with resistless Force,  
 Not like the rapid *Rhone's* impetuous Course;  
 Tho' deep, so clear are his transparent Streams,  
 His Bottom rising to his Surface seems.  
 His polish'd Face reflecting as he glides;  
 Each beauteous Object that adorns his Sides.  
 Inverted, here we view old *Lambeth's* Towers,  
 And there, O Fate! our late \* *Macena's* Bowers.  
 Shifting his Features still, with each Remove  
 Now He a Palace seems, and now a Grove.  
 Full is his spreading Current, but restrain'd,  
 And still within the flow'ry Banks contain'd.  
 Alternate Wealth his varying Tides unfold,  
 Ebbing he brings us Bread, and flowing, Gold.  
 Flow, sweetest River! still thy Course prolong!  
 Thus deep and clear, thus gentle, full and strong,  
 That distant Ages may the Image see,  
 Of WHARTON's finish'd Eloquence in thee.  
 So shall no Torrents foil thy Chrystal Stream,  
 Thou Patriots Emblem, and thou Poets Theme!

Ye Nobles who surround the *British* Throne,  
 Reflect its Lustre, and improve your own;  
 You who resemble, in rich Robes of State,  
 That Majesty August on which you wait,  
 Witness how often his decisive Sense,

---

\* *Marquis of Halifax's Garden.*

## MISCELLANY POEMS.

13

His Wit, his Art, and copious Eloquence,  
Have singly won the Question to his side,  
Made *Oxf---d*, blush, and *St. John* drop his Pride;  
Whilst every Ear was with his Accents charm'd,  
As every Breast was with his Ardour warm'd:  
Faction was touch'd, and felt the secret Force,  
Dumb and convicted, but without Remorse,  
Envy with Rage contending in her Face,  
To see his Triumph and her just Disgrace.

Nor less in Council did his Weight appear,  
The ablest Statesman, as the brightest Peer.  
Thou mighty Prince, who from perfidious Power  
Didst speed to save us in a timely Hour;  
Whilst Beauty join'd with Valour form'd thy Train,  
To grace our Court, and raise our martial Vein;  
Whose rising Beams made drooping Credit thrive,  
Religion spring, fair Liberty revive;  
Say, if thy chosen Ministers, who fate  
With thee to guide the great Machine of State,  
A more consummate Character could boast,  
Than that which *Britain* in her *W H A R T O N* lost.

Oh! had kind Heav'n (if Prayers were not too late)  
Another *Lustrum* added to his Date,  
How would his Head, his Heart, his Hand conspire,  
To punish Traytors as their Crimes require?  
To crush Rebellion, bridle Factious Rage,  
And quell the Monsters of an impious Age?

How would his Bosome beat with Joy to see,  
 Great *GEORGE!* the *British* Legend true in thee?  
 To see thee o'er the vanquish'd Dragon ride,  
 And free thy Kingdoms from his Rage and Pride?  
 Whilst Peace and Plenty spread their golden Wings  
 Around the best of MEN, the best of KINGS,  
 And ev'ry Tide shall waft into thy Ports  
 Wealth from all Lands, and Homage from all Courts.

But Sov'reign Heav'n, whose Ways are ever wise,  
 Just drew the glorious Dawn before his Eyes;  
 And for his happier Son reserv'd the Sight  
 Of BRUNSWICK's Power in its Meridian Light.  
*GEORGE* shall in Him prove Honour, Courage, Truth,  
 And find the Father in the pregnant Youth.

Thus the great Leader of the Hebrew Bands,  
 Through op'ning Billows, and o'er burning Sands,  
 From Egypt's Yoak, and haughty Pharaoh's Chains,  
 To Canaan's fruitful Hills, and flow'ry Plains,  
 From Pisgah's Height the promis'd Land descry'd;  
 More was forbid; he saw, Rejoyc'd, and dy'd.



S O N G.



S O N G.

*By a Gentleman on a LADY's singing an Answer of her own Composing, to a Copy of Verses he had formerly made in her Praise.*

I.

**A**H, Clio! Had thy distant Lays  
Attack'd my weaker side,

And thou had'st only writ to raise

An empty Poet's Pride;

With merry Glee then all Day long,

Thy Wit, thy Verse had been my Song.

*With a Fa, la, &c.*

II.

But to the Lines which thou hast writ,

It was a cruel Choice

To add new Force, and Grace thy Wit

With Beauty and with Voice;

Wit only Points, but Lip and Eye

Feather the Darts and make them fly.

*With, &c.*

III. Thy



## III.

Thy Dawning Muse thou should'st have sent  
 Forerunner to thy Sun,  
 And not have spread the Firmament  
 At once with Height of Noon;  
 To banish Darkneſs it was kind,  
 But Cruel thus to ſtrike me Blind.  
*With, &c.*

## IV.

Thine Arrows from a diſtant Hand  
 Might chance to miſs their Aim,  
 But when you take ſo near a Stand,  
 They cannot fail to Maim;  
 For what Amazement muſt it bring  
 To ſee you look, and hear you ſing?  
*With, &c.*

## V.

When kindled Skies their Light'nings broach,  
 At diſtance they appear,  
 To warn us of their firſt approach,  
 And for the Storm prepare;

# MISCELLANY POEMS.

19

But Flashes unexpected fright,  
They melt the Soul, and pierce the Sight,  
*With, &c.*

## VI.

But you, Fair Nymph, no Time allow,  
At once our Fate proclaim,  
And whilst your Beauty makes us Glow,  
Your Voice inspires the Flame;  
But when the Muse assumes the part,  
What Armour can insure the Heart?  
*With, &c.*

## VII.

The Delphick God by Female Tongues  
The Oracles declar'd,  
From horrid Looks thro' untun'd Lungs  
The Fate of Crowns was heard;  
But the whole God in thee does meet,  
His Youth, his Beauty, and his Wit,  
*With, &c.*

## VIII.

Had Sappho thus to Phaon writ,  
She had escap'd the Wave,

But

The

The Youth had been by force of Wit,  
 Compell'd the Nymph to save;  
 But *Sappho* met her Destiny  
 'Cause *Sappho* could not write like Thee.  
*With, &c.*

## IX.

Like thee had *Eccho* tun'd her Voice  
*Narcissus* to invoke,  
 The self-lov'd Youth had fix'd his Choice,  
 Nor doom'd her to a Rock;  
 Thus both a better Fate had found,  
 She had not Pin'd, nor he been Drown'd,  
*With, &c.*

## X.

But whate'er Fate to me belongs,  
 This Comfort I shall have,  
 To be recorded in thy Songs,  
 And triumph in the Grave;  
 Who falls a Victim to thy Eyes,  
 Is by thy Verses sure to rise.  
*With, &c.*

## XI. Thy

XI.

Thy Fragrant Lines ascend the Sky  
 Like an *Arabian* Nest,  
 And like an aged *Phœnix*, I  
 Embalm'd in Spices rest:  
 Thus whilst amidst Perfumes I burn,  
 I rise Immortal from the Urn.  
*With a Fa, la, &c..*



*Upon seeing Lord Chancellor Parker's Picture,  
 Drawn by Sir GODFREY KNELLER.*

**T**O such a Face, and such an Air,  
 Who could suspect there wants a Voice?  
 O KNELLER! ablest Hand, declare  
 If this was thy Mistake, or Choice?

'Twas Choice----Thy Modesty conceal'd  
 The Tongue which would thy Glory's raise;  
 For that, which Justice ne'er with-held,  
 Would never cease to speak thy Praise.

*Virtue*





VIRTUE *is its own* REWARD.

By J. F.

**W**HILST brave *Aeneas* with a gen'rous Care,  
Does from approaching Flames his Father bear,  
Tho' viewing Gods seem barely to approve,  
And Crowns are wanting to reward such Love;  
Within himself the true Heroick Boy  
Swells with such Pleasures, such a worthy Joy  
As recompence the Dangers of deserted TROY.



Lord L-----E, upon his Enlargement.

**G**OOD unexpected, Evil unforeseen,  
Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the Scene;  
Some rais'd aloft, some tumbling down amain,  
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.  
That which the World miscals a Goal,  
A private Closet is to me,  
When a good Conscience is my Bail,  
And Innocence my Liberty.



T O A

# Young L A D Y,

On Her studying the Globe.

**W**HILST o'er the GLOBE, fair Nymph,  
your Searches run,  
And trace its rowling Circuit round the  
Sun,

You seem'd that W O R L D beneath you to Survey,  
With Eyes ordain'd to lend its People Day.  
With two fair Lamps, methoughts, your Nations shone,  
Whilst ours are poorly lighted up by One.  
How did those Rays your happy Empire gild?  
How cloath the flow'ry Mead and fruitful Field?  
Your E A R T H was in eternal Spring array'd,  
And laughing Joy amidst its Natives play'd:  
Blest is their Day, but cheerless is their Night,  
No friendly Moon reflects your absent Light.

And

And, oh! when, yet e're many Years are past,  
 Those Beams on other Objects shall be cast,  
 When some young HERO with resistless Art,  
 Shall fix those Eyes, and warm that Virgin-Heart;  
 How shall your Creatures then their Loss deplore,  
 And want those Suns that rise for them no more?  
 The Bliss you give, will be confin'd to One,  
 And for his Sake, your WORLD must be undone.



*To a* PAINTER, *attempting to imitate a*  
 LADY'S EYES.

**H**E, who great J O V E 's Artill'ry ap'd so well,  
 By real Light'ning and true Thunder fell.  
 How then dar'st Thou, with equal Danger try  
 To counterfeit the Light'ning of her Eye?  
 PAINTER, desist; or soon th' Event will prove,  
 That L O V E 's as jealous of his Arms as J O V E.





*From an* OFFICER *to his* MISTRESS.

To the Tune of, *To you fair Ladies.*

I.

**T**O Country Quarters now confin'd,  
From *Upton* Town I write,

Why can't my Body, like my Mind,

To *Katy* take its Flight?

Ah, *Katy*! if a wish could do,

I would be quarter'd soon on you.

*With a Fa, la, la, la.*

II.

While I sigh here, my Love-sick Heart

Is left with Thee behind;

Alas! why should our Bodies part,

When both our Souls are join'd?

My Body to my PRINCE is true,

My Soul its Orders takes from Y o u.

*With a Fa, &c.*

C

III. When

*From*



## III.

When heavy beat of dull *Tattoo*  
 Commands the Soldier home,  
 The Hopes, my Dreams will be of you,  
 Give Musick to the Drum;  
 Wak'd by the Morning *Reveille*,  
 I only wake to think of Thee.  
*With a Fa, &c.*

## IV.

My blooming Hopes of seeing you,  
 Are wither'd in my Prime,  
 Confin'd to wait for a Review,  
 Ah, why is this the Time?  
 What is the dull Review to me,  
 When *Katy* is not there to see?  
*With a Fa, &c.*

## V.

But once releas'd from this Command,  
 I'll fly to thy dear Breast,

As the swift \* *Carrier* springs from Hand,  
 To his forsaken Nest;  
 Then ev'ry Night, and ev'ry Kiss  
 Shall pay my long Arrears of Bliss.  
*With a Fa, &c.*



HORACE's *Prayer to APOLLO.*

*Quid Dedicatum poscit Apollinem,  
 Vates? —————* Hor. Lib 1. Ode 31.

**W**HILST to the GOD my purple Clusters flow,  
 What would the Poet have the GOD bestow?  
 He covets not the Stores SARDINIA yields,  
 The bending Harvest of her yellow Fields;  
 Nor fleecy Flocks CALABRIA's Mountains breed,  
 Nor lowing Herds her fertile Pastures feed,  
 Nor verdant Lawns where *Lyrus* gently flows,  
 And eats his winding Channel as he goes.  
 No costly Ornaments of Iv'ry, born  
 From *India*, shall my humble Roof adorn.  
 The Gold shall sleep within its Native Mine,  
 Nor shall the Gem for me be taught to shine.

---

\* *The Carrier is a sort of Pidgeon, us'd in Turkey for carrying Letters.*

Let FORTUNE'S Minions make their Presses flow,  
 And crowd the precious Stores in Vaults below.  
 Who ploughs the Ocean with auspicious Sails,  
 And bribes the GODS to send him prosp'rous Gales;  
 Let him truck SYRIAN Odours, Balms and Spice,  
 For Wine dear-purchas'd to supply his Vice;  
 Let him in foaming Brimmers chear his Soul,  
 And oft recruit his oft exhausted Bowl.

Give me a wholesome Sallad from the Fields,  
 The artless Food that Nature frankly yields;  
 Health be my Relish, and Content my Store,  
 Grant me this humble Wish, I ask no more.  
 Only, Thou GOD of Numbers, and the trembling Lyre,  
 Do Thou my Musick and my Verse inspire;  
 And when resistless TIME at length shall shed  
 His hoary Honours on my wither'd Head,  
 Still may the pleasing Vein profusely flow,  
 Still may thy heav'nly Fire within this Bosom glow.





*To a LADY, on her PARROT.*

**W**HEN Nymphs were coy, and Love could not prevail,

The GODS disguis'd were seldom known to fail:

LEDA was chaste, but yet a feather'd JOVE

Surpriz'd the Fair, and taught her how to love.

There's no Cēlestial but his Heaven would quit,

For any Form which might to thee admit.

See how the wanton BIRD at ev'ry Glance,

Swellis his glad Plumes, and feels an am'rous Trance.

The QUEEN of Beauty has forsook the DOVE,

Henceforth the PARROT be the BIRD of Love.



*ODE for St. CECILIA's Day at OXFORD.*

*By Mr. ADDISON.*

**L**ET all CECILIA's Praise proclaim,  
Employ the Echo in her Name.

Hark how the Flutes and Trumpets raise,

At bright CECILIA's Name their Lays;

The Organ labours in her Praise.



CECILIA'S Name does all our Numbers grace;  
 From ev'ry Voice the tuneful Accents fly,  
 In soaring Trebles now it rises high,  
 And now it sinks, and dwells upon the Base.

CECILIA'S Name thro' all the Notes we sing,  
 The work of ev'ry skilful Tongue,  
 The sound of ev'ry trembling String,  
 The sound and triumph of our SONG.

Musick religious Heats inspires,  
 It wakes the Soul, and lifts it high,  
 And wings it with sublime Desires,  
 And fits it to bespeak the Deity.  
 TH'ALMIGHTY listens to a tuneful Tongue,  
 And seems well pleas'd, and courted with a Song.

Soft moving Sounds, and heav'nly Aires,  
 Give Force to ev'ry Word, and recommend our Pray'rs.  
 When TIME it self shall be no more,  
 And all Things in Confusion hurl'd,  
 Musick shall then exert its Power,  
 And Sound survive the Ruins of the World:  
 Then Saints and Angels shall agree,  
 In one Eternal JUBILEE:  
 All Heav'n shall Eccho with their Hymns Divine,  
 And GOD himself with Pleasure see,  
 The whole Creation in a CHORUS joyn.

## CHORUS.

Consecrate the Place and Day,  
To Musick and CECILIA.

Let no rough Winds approach, nor dare  
Invade the hallow'd Bounds,  
Nor rudely shake the tuneful Air,  
Nor spoil the fleeting Sounds.  
Nor mournful Sigh nor Groan be heard,  
But Gladness dwell on ev'ry Tongue;  
Whilst all with Voice and Strings prepar'd,  
Keep up the loud Harmonious SONG,  
And imitate the Blest above,  
In Joy, and Harmony, and Love.





T H E  
V E S T A L.

From *Ovid de Fastis*, Lib. III. Eleg. i.

*Blanda quies victis furtim subrepat ocellis, &c.*

AS the FAIR VESTAL to the Fountain came,  
 (Let none be startled at a Vestal's Name)  
 Tir'd with the Walk, she laid her down to Rest,  
 And to the Winds expos'd her glowing Breast,  
 To take the Freshness of the Morning-Air,  
 And gather'd in a Knot her flowing Hair;  
 While thus she rested, on her Arm reclin'd,  
 The hoary Willows waving with the Wind,  
 And Feather'd CHOIRS that warbled in the Shade,  
 And purling Streams, that thro' the Meadows stray'd,  
 In drowsy Murmurs lull'd the gentle Maid.  
 The GOD of *War* beheld the Virgin lie,  
 The GOD beheld *Her* with a LOVER's Eye;

And

And by so tempting an Occasion press'd,  
The Beauteous MAID, whom He beheld, possess'd:  
Conceiving as she slept, Her fruitful Womb  
Swell'd *with The FOUNDER of Immortal ROME.*



*EPISTLE from a Gentleman in DENMARK,  
to his Friend in ENGLAND.*

**F**ROM frozen CLIMES, and endless TRACTS of  
SNOW,

From STREAMS that Northern Winds forbid to flow;  
What Present shall the Muse to BRITAIN bring;  
Or how, so near the POLE, attempt to sing?  
The hoary Winter here conceals from Sight,  
All pleasing Objects that to Verse invite.  
The Hills and Dales, and the delightful Woods,  
The flow'ry Plains, and Silver-streaming Floods,  
By SNOW disguis'd, in bright Confusion lye,  
And with one dazzling Waste fatigue the Eye.

No gentle breathing Breeze prepares the SPRING,  
No Birds within the Desert Region Sing.  
The Ships unmov'd, the boist'rous Winds defy,  
While rattling Chariots o'er the OCEAN fly.



The vast *Leviathan* wants room to play,  
 And spout his Waters in the Face of Day.  
 The starving Wolves along the Main SEA prowls,  
 And to the MOON in Icy Valleys howls.  
 For many a shining League the level MAIN  
 Here spreads it self into a glassy PLAIN:  
 There solid Billows of enormous Size,  
*Alps* of great Ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen ev'n Here,  
 The Winter in a lovely DRESS appear.  
 E're yet the Clouds let fall the treasur'd SNOW,  
 Or Winds began through hazy Skies to blow.  
 At Ev'ning a keen Eastern Wind arose,  
 And the descending Rain unsully'd froze.  
 Soon as the silent Shades of Night withdrew,  
 The ruddy MORN disclos'd at once to View  
 The Face of Nature in a rich Disguise,  
 And brighten'd ev'ry Object to my Eyes:  
 For ev'ry Shrub, and ev'ry Blade of Grass,  
 And ev'ry pointed Thorn, seem'd wrought in Glass.  
 In Pearls and Rubies rich the Hawthorns show,  
 While throw the ICE the Crimson Berries glow.  
 The thick-sprung Reeds the watry Marshes yield,  
 Seem polish'd Lances in a hostile Field.  
 The Stag in limpid Currents, with Surprise,  
 Sees Chrystal Branches on his Forehead rise.

The spreading Oak, the Beech, and tow'ring Pine,  
 Glaz'd over in the freezing ÆTHER shine.  
 The frighted Birds the rattling Branches shun,  
 That wave and glitter in the distant SUN.

When, if a sudden Gust of Wind arise,  
 The brittle Forest into Atoms flies:  
 The crackling Wood beneath the Tempest bends,  
 And in a spangled Show'r the Prospect ends.  
 Or if a Southern Gale the Region warm,  
 And by degrees unbind the wintry Charm,  
 The Traveller a miry Country sees,  
 And journeys sad beneath the dropping Trees.

Like some deluded Peasant *Merlin* leads  
 Thro' fragrant Bow'rs, and thro' delicious Meads;  
 While here enchanted Gardens to him rise,  
 And airy Fabricks there attract his Eyes,  
 His wand'ring Feet the Magick Paths pursue,  
 And while he thinks the fair Illusion true,  
 The trackless Scenes disperse in fluid Air,  
 And Woods, and Wilds, and thorny Ways appear:  
 A tedious Road, the weary Wretch returns,  
 And, as he goes, in transient Vision mourns.





## S O N G.

**W**HEN with a Bridegroom's Gust I kiss,  
 And press CLARINDA to my Breast;  
 Her balmy Lips enhance my Bliss,  
 And Jove himself's not half so blest.

But when the Nymph withdraws her Charms,  
 And Envy calls away the Fair;  
 I, who had Heav'n within my Arms,  
 Am lost at once in deep Despair.



IMITATION of HORACE,  
 BOOK I. ODE 8.

*Lydia dic mihi per omnes, &c.*

**S**AY GLYCERA, why thus in shameful Ease  
 You make young VARRUS lose his better Days?  
 Why does he now those Hours, he valued, pass  
 Dangling with you, or looking in the Glass?

How

How comes't that he, who once despis'd a Chair,  
Now box'd up, fears the gentlest Breath of Air?  
Why drop his useful Friends for shallow Beaux,  
And leave his Book, to study well-made Cloaths?  
Now on that Shelf, which *Homer* once did grace,  
Stand red-heel'd Shoe's, and Washes for the Face;  
And in that Place where the great *Virgil* lay,  
His Taylor's Bill, and a vile modern Play.

Had *THE TIS* Son us'd Female Arts like these,  
To please his Mother with Inglorious Ease,  
He might in Peace his Petticoat have wore,  
And unsuspected shun'd the *Phrygian* Shore.



Epigramma in INNOCENTEM XII.

*P*romittis, promissa negas, deslesque negata:  
Te, tribus his Signis, quis negat esse PETRUM?



*Albi,*





*Albi, ne doleas plus nimio.*

Hor. Lib. I. Ode 33.

**G**Rieve not, dear *Albius*, that some younger Charms,  
Have lur'd a faithless Creature from your Arms;  
Cease of thy slighted Passion to complain,  
When bright *LYCORIS* loves, and loves in vain;  
She dies for *CYRUS*, but without Returns,  
While for a Nymph nor fair, nor kind, he burns:  
But Lambs with Tygers sooner shall conspire,  
Than virtuous *PHOLOE* grant his lewd Desire.

Thus does that cruel *Paphian* Queen ordain,  
That tend'rest Love should meet with cold disdain,  
Pleas'd to see wretched Victims burn in vain.  
Ev'n I, whilst Beauteous Ladies call for Aid,  
Am yet bewitch'd to love a Chambermaid;  
*Myrtale*, coarser than an *Adrian* Wave,  
In spite of Beauty keeps poor Me her Slave.



*A COPY of Verses on Mr. DAY,  
Who from his Landlord ran away.*

**H**ERE DAY and NIGHT conspir'd a sudden Flight,  
For DAY, they say, is run away by NIGHT.  
DAY's past and gone. Why, Landlord, where's your  
Rent?

Did you not see that DAY was almost spent?  
DAY pawn'd and sold, and put off what he might;  
Tho' it be ne'er so dark, DAY will be light.  
You had one DAY a Tenant; and would fain  
Your Eyes could see that DAY but once again.  
No, Landlord, No! now you may truly say,  
(And to your Cost too) you have lost the DAY.  
DAY is departed in a Mist; I fear,  
For DAY is broke, and yet does not appear.  
From Time to Time he promis'd still to pay;  
You should have rose before the break of DAY.  
But if you had, you'd have got nothing by't,  
For DAY was cunning, and broke over-NIGHT.  
DAY, like a Candle, is gone out, but where  
None knows, unless to t'other Hemisphere.  
Then to the Tavern let us hast, away, ———  
Come cheer up---hang't---'tis but a broken DAY.

And

And he that trusted DAY for any Sum  
Will have his Money, if that DAY will come.  
But how now, Landlord! what's the Matter, pray?  
What! you can't sleep, you long so much for DAY.  
Have you a mind, Sir, to arrest a DAY?  
There's no such Bailiff now as *Joshua*.  
Cheer up then, Man! what, tho' you've lost a Sum,  
Do you not know that Pay-DAY yet will come?  
I will engage, do you but leave your Sorrow,  
My Life for your's, DAY comes again to Morrow,  
And for your Rent—never torment your Soul,  
You'll quickly see DAY peeping thro' a Hole.





An Imperfect  
 COPY of VERSES,  
 Occasion'd by seeing the  
 FUNERAL  
 OF  
 Mr. ADDISON,  
 In Westminster-~~Abbey~~. Abbey.



E sacred Seats! ye venerable URNS!  
 Where *Gilded Royalty* to Dust returns,  
 Where Bards, who promis'd everlasting  
 Breath,  
 Mock their own Boast, and meet their KINGS in Death:  
 Receive the DEBT your cruel Mansions crave,  
 As great, as Nature ever paid to Grave.  
 Earth open wide! rejoyce thy greedy Womb!  
 Be proud, O DEATH! and triumph o'er the Tomb!

This



This was a Conquest—At a single Spoil  
To plunder half the Learning of our I S L E.

In Fields of Battle, where the Sword wastes wide,  
And Y O U, o'er Ruin heap'd, in Triumph ride;  
Sedate the thinking Mind the Fate surveys,  
Of Creatures form'd to last but half our Days:  
And often feels a deeper Loss in one,  
Mourning a P L A T O, or an A D D I S O N.

Great B A R D! what various Thoughts disturb'd my  
Head,  
When I beheld thee number'd with the Dead?  
Distinguish'd only by a decent Care,  
To say—what late Immortal Guest lodg'd—*there*.  
Is this, I cry'd, then rose the Thoughts profane,  
But by thy Virtue check'd, recoil'd again ———  
“ Such Pow'r the Ashes of the Virtuous crave,  
“ To shoot a secret Influence from the Grave;  
“ Their Tombs are Lectures, and discharge the Trust  
“ Of living Eloquence from silent Dust.

Recover'd thus; I view'd around me spread  
The Scepter'd Monarch and the Mitred Head;  
K I N G S more than dead, as seeming to accuse  
Thy Fate, and want of thy recording Muse.

SONG.



## S O N G.

**M**OLLY's form'd to give Desire,  
Complete in e'ry Feature;  
To enslave all Human Kind,  
Lovely MOLLY was design'd,  
By Nature, by Nature, by Nature.

## II.

MOLLY long have I in vain  
Address'd with humble Duty;  
But cruel MOLLY's scornful Eye  
Says I must a Victim dye  
To Beauty. &c.

## III.

Prithee MOLLY, grow more wise,  
Or I for all my Sighing,  
May the cunning Lover play,  
And consult a safer Way  
Than Dying, &c.

P R O-



# PROLOGUE

Spoken by

Mr. R Y A N,

On the first Time of his Playing the

Part of ORONOOKO.

**I**F ORONOOKO in the *Drama* shines,  
And wildly great on *Europe's* Sense refines,  
That be the Poet's Praise——whose Magick  
Hand,

Could raise an EDEN in a barren Land.

If his *Imoinda's* Chast and beauteous too,

That Copy, LADIES, he transcrib'd from you.

The Actor's Part is last, then know the Share

He claims between the Poet, and the Fair.

If he has strove to please, your Favours first  
 Broke through Dépression, and his own Distrust;  
 Studious to rise, he sought a wise Exchange,  
 For *Slaves* must drudge it on—the Free will range.  
 The Bird confin'd may sing against his Will,  
 But the wild Musick is the sweetest still.

O! let us vary then our Notes with ease,  
 And pleasing, have Ambition more to please.  
 On you, ye shining FAIRS, our Cause depends,  
 For Beauties ever to Distress were Friends.  
*Orpheus* raised *Theatres*, but greater You,  
 Can raise the *Poet*, and the *Player* too.



IMITATION of the Thirteenth ODE of the  
 Fourth BOOK of HORACE.

*Audivere, LYCE, Di mea vota, &c.*

**L**UCY, at last, thank Heav'n, I trace  
 Old AGE upon your wrinkled Face,  
 And yet you'll still be Strumming:  
 For this new Antick Tricks you play,  
 Stand at your Window all the Day,  
 Or on your LUTE are Thrumming.



## II.

In vain Rose-water you bestow,  
 On Parts *above*, and Parts *below*,  
 To make them sweet and taking;  
 A *Few* (so much the Tribe would fear you)  
 Would never venture to come near you,  
 You look so like Hung-Bacon.

## III.

PHYLLIS engrosses all our Hearts,  
 Her rosy Cheeks, her lovely Parts  
 Give Transports without Measure;  
 LOVE shoots his Arrows from her Eyes,  
 The winged Shaft unerring flies  
 And wounds the Heart with Pleasure.

## IV.

But he disdains to come to you,  
 For what the Devil should he do  
 With Teeth as black as Soot?  
 With Looks that would poor Mortals Fright,  
 And such a Breath would put to Flight  
 Ten Thousand—Horse and Foot.

## V.

In vain the rich Brocade you wear,  
In Paint, and Gold, and Velyet glare,  
And set your self so fine out;  
Brilliants, in vain, adorn your Head,  
They are but (as th' old Proverb said)  
Like Jewels in a Swine's Snout.

## VI.

Long, long ago I thought you Fair,  
Engaging was your Wit and Air,  
But no Man e'er could fix ye;  
And do you dream of Conquests now,  
With hollow Cheeks, and wither'd Brow,  
The sad Prefage of Sixty?

## VII.

CHLORIS, with you, once shar'd my Heart,  
But she triumphant did depart,  
Whilst beauteous, young, and tender;  
But you survive, to your own Shame,  
And stand the second next in Fame,  
And Form, to th' Witch of ENDOR.

## VIII. But

## VIII.

But now we view that sick'ning Light,

That once was so divinely bright,

With faded Lustre blink;

And when it feels its last Decay,

Shall laugh to see it dye away,

And go out in a Stink.



*By another Hand.*

**T**Hanks to the GODS, they've heard my Pray'rs,

LUCY is old, and full of Airs;

And she! the silly foolish Ghost,

Thinks she deserves to be a Toast;

She'll sing and please you, tho' each Note

Shakes in her Paralytick Throat;

She drinks good Nantz to cheer her Heart,

Those Cheeks she borrows too of Art:

Look at your self, good LUCY, well,

Do you believe that any Spell

Can make your wrinkled Skin appear

Like charming CHLOE's, smooth and fair?

Was LOVE yet ever known to stay  
With rotten Teeth, and Tresses grey?  
That rich *Brocade*, that monst'rous *Hoop*;  
Instead of gracing, make you stoop;  
Take off those Diamonds if you're wise,  
They glisten so, they'll spoil your Eyes.  
I've seen you walk with a good Grace,  
And once I lik'd your Shape and Face:  
Where's that easy *Je ne scay quoy*,  
In which I once plac'd all my Joy?  
I'm sure you cannot be the same,  
That next to CÆLIA was my Flame:  
Ah! the poor Girl was snatch'd away,  
But you, by Fate, was doom'd to stay,  
That I might laugh, now you are Old,  
And with no small Delight behold  
What for a while so brightly burn'd  
Now into dirty ASHES turn'd.



D

TO





T O  
**Mr. ADDISON,**  
 O N H I S  
**OPERA of Rosamond.**

---

By Mr. TYCKELL.

---

**T**HE Opera first *Italian* Masters taught,  
 Enrich'd with SONGS, but Innocent of  
 Thought;  
 Britannia's learned THEATRE disdains  
 Melodious Trifles, and enervate Strains;  
 And blushes on her injur'd Stage to see  
 Nonsense well tun'd, and sweet Stupidity.

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No Charms are wanting to thy artful Song,  
Soft as CORELLI, but, as VIRGIL, strong.  
From Words so sweet new Grace the Notes receive,  
And Musick borrows Helps, she us'd to give.  
Thy Style hath match'd what ancient *Romans* knew,  
Thy flowing Numbers far excel the New.  
Their Cadence in such easy Sound convey'd,  
That Height of Thought may seem superfluous Aid;  
Yet in such Charms the noble Thoughts abound,  
That needles seem the Sweets of easy Sound.  
Landscips how gay the Bow'ry Grotto yields,  
Which Thought creates, and lavish Fancy builds!  
What Art can trace the visionary Scenes,  
The flow'ry Groves, and everlasting Greens?  
The babbling Sounds that Mimick ECHO plays,  
The fairy Shade, and its eternal Maze?  
Nature and Art in all their Charms combin'd,  
And all ELYSIUM at one View confin'd!  
No farther could Imagination roam,  
Till *Vanbrugh* fram'd, and *Marlbro'* rais'd the Dome.

Ten thousand Pangs my anxious Bosome tear,  
When drown'd in Tears I see th' imploring Fair;  
When BARDs less soft the moving Words supply,  
A seeming Justice dooms the NYMPH to die;  
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,  
(In *Dido's* thus expiring Swans complain)

Each Verse so swells, expressive of the Woes,  
 And ev'ry Tear in Lines so mournful flows;  
 We, spite of Fame, her Fall revers'd believe,  
 O'er-look her Crimes, and think she ought to live.

Let Joy transport fair ROSAMONDA's Shade.  
 And Wreaths of *Myrtle* crown the lovely MAID.  
 While now, perhaps, with DIDO's Ghost she roves,  
 And hears and tells the Story of their Loves;  
 Alike they Mourn, alike they Bless their Fate,  
 Since LOVE, which made 'em Wretched, makes 'em  
     Great.

Nor longer that relentless Doom bemoan,  
 Which gain'd a VIRGIL and an ADDISON.  
 Accept, great MONARCH, of the *British* Lays,  
 The Tribute-Song an humble Subject pays.  
 So tries the artless Lark her early Flight,  
 And soars to hail the GOD of Verse and Light;  
 Unrival'd as unmatch'd be still thy Fame,  
 And thy own Lawrels shade thy envy'd Name:  
 Thy Name, the Boast of all the tuneful Quire,  
 Shall tremble on the Strings of ev'ry Lyre;  
 While with thy Sentiments each SOUL complies,  
 Feels corresponding Joys or Sorrows rise,  
 And views thy ROSAMOND with HENRY's Eyes.



*On a LADY's Orange.*

**W**Hence this? Has VENUS then resign'd the Prize,  
Naked she won, expos'd to Mortal Eyes?  
Just Goddess! who, to the first Beauty due,  
(Her self less Fair) the Fruit resigns to you.  
With Balls like this, the swift *Atlanta* stay'd,  
And on the panting YOUTH, bestow'd the MAID.  
Had you been there, and thrown this in the Chase,  
*Hippomenes* had stop'd, *Atlanta* won the Race.



S O N G.

**L**UCINDA has the De'il and all  
Of that bright thing we BEAUTY call;  
But if she won't come to my Arms,  
Why, what care I for all her Charms.  
Beauty's the Sawce to Love's high Meat,  
But who minds Sawce that must not Eat?



It is indeed a mighty Treasure,  
 But in the Using lies the Pleasure;  
 Bullies thus, that only see't,  
 D----n all the Gold in *Lumbard-street*.



EPITAPH *on a Taylor's Wife.*

HERE lies a TAYLOR's Counter-part,  
 Who lov'd a YARD with all her Heart.  
 Her Cross-leg'd Spouse knew what would ease her,  
 And often stole a YARD to please her;  
 Yet all his CABBAGE would not save  
 The loving Baggage from the Grave:  
 But here she Slumbers, soon forgotten,  
 Now dead, not valued of a BUTTON.





ON THE  
DEATH  
OF  
Mr. VINER.

*By the late Mr. Arch-Deacon, PARNEL.*

**I**S *Viner* Dead? and shall each Muse become  
Silent as Death, and as his Musick Dumb?  
Shall he depart without a POET'S Praise,  
Who oft to Harmony has tun'd their Lays?

Shall he, who knew the Elegance of Sound,  
Find no one VOICE to sing him to the Ground?

MUSICK and POETRY are Sister-Arts,

Shew a like Genius, and consenting Hearts:

My Soul with his is secretly ally'd,  
 And I am forc'd to speak, since V I N E R dy'd.  
 Oh that my Muse, as once his Notes, could swell!  
 That I might all his Praises tell;  
 That I might say with how much S K I L L he play'd,  
 How nimbly four extended Strings survey'd;  
 How Bow and Fingers, with a noble Strife,  
 Did raise the V O C A L F I D D L E into Life;  
 How various Sounds, in various Order rang'd,  
 By unobserv'd Degrees minutely chang'd;  
 Thro' a vast Space could in Divisions run,  
 Be all distinct, yet all agree in One:  
 And how the fleeter Notes could swiftly pass,  
 And skip alternately from Place to Place;  
 The Strings could with a sudden Impulse bound,  
 Speak every Touch, and tremble into Sound.

The liquid Harmony, a tuneful Tide,  
 Now seem'd to rage, anon wou'd gently glide;  
 By Turns would ebb and flow, would rise and fall,  
 Be loudly daring, or be softly small:  
 While all was blended in one common Name,  
 Wave push'd on Wave, and all compos'd a Stream.

The diff'rent T O N E S melodiously combin'd,  
 Temper'd with Art, in sweet Confusion join'd;  
 The Soft, the Strong, the Clear, the Shrill, the Deep,  
 Would sometimes soar aloft, and sometimes creep;

While

While ev'ry Soul upon his Motions hung,  
As tho' it were in tuneful Concert strung.  
His Touch did strike the Fibres of the Heart,  
And a like Trembling secretly impart;  
Where various Passions did by Turns succeed,  
He made it chearful, and he made it bleed;  
Could wind it up into a glowing Fire,  
Then shift the Scene, and teach it to expire.

Oft have I seen him on a Publick Stage,  
Alone the gaping Multitude engage;  
The Eyes and Ears of each Spectator draw,  
Command their Thoughts, and give their Passions Law;  
While other Musick in Oblivion drown'd,  
Seem'd a dead Pulse, or a neglected Sound.

Alas! he's gone, our *Great Apollo's* dead,  
And all that's sweet and tuneful with him fled.  
H I B E R N I A ——— with one universal Cry,  
Laments its Loss, and speaks his E L E G Y.  
Farewel, thou Author of refin'd Delight,  
Too little known, too soon remov'd from Sight;  
Those Fingers, which such Pleasure did convey,  
Must now become to stupid Worms a P R E Y:  
Thy grateful F I D D L E will for ever stand  
A silent Mourner for its M A S T E R's Hand:  
Thy A R T is only to be match'd Above,  
Where Musick reigns, and in that Musick Love:



Where Thou wilt with the happy CHORUS join,  
 And quickly Thy melodious SOUL refine  
 To the exalted PITCH of *Harmony Divine.*



*Mr. PRIOR's EPITAPH on Himself.*

**N**Obles and Heraulds, by your Leave,  
 Here lye the Bones of MATTHEW PRIOR,  
 A Son of *Adam* and of *Eve*;  
 Let BOURBON or NASSAU go higher.

*Thus Answer'd.*

**H**OLD MATTHEW PRIOR, by your Leave,  
 Your *Epitaph* is somewhat Odd;  
*Bourbon* and You were Sons of *Eve*,  
*NASSAU's* the Off-spring of a GOD.





*The* SONG of TROILUS. *From* Chaucer.

**I** F *no Love is*——Ye GODS what feel I so?  
 And if *Love is*——what Thing, and which is He?  
 If Love be *Good*, from whence proceeds my Woe?  
 If it be *Ill*, how can that *Ill* agree?  
 His bitter Potion I the sweetest think,  
 And ever thirst *the more*, the more I drink.

If *willingly* I bear the burning Charm,  
 Whence are my Wailings, and my deep Complaint?  
 If Harm is pleasing, why do I grieve the Harm?  
 Why with the Load unweary'd, am I faint?  
*Sweet Harm*, how holds my Heart of thee so much,  
 But that my Heart consents it should be such?

And if my Heart consent, and I agree,  
 The Folly of Complaint fair Wisdom binds;  
 Thus like a Boat all steerless in the Sea,  
 My Heart is tofs'd betwixt two jarring Winds.  
 Alas! what wond'rous Woe poor Lovers try?  
 For Heat of Cold, for Cold of Heat I dye.



O N  
B E A U T Y.

*By Mrs. SINGER.*

**V**ICTORIOUS BEAUTY by what potent Charm  
Dost thou the Soul of all its Force disarm?  
We bless thy Chains, abhor our Liberty,  
And quit the uncontested Field to thee.  
Whether we rash or calm Designs pursue,  
Thine is the soft Temptation still in View;  
For thee we search the wide Creation round,  
But thou art no where in Perfection found;  
Some Blemish still remains on mortal Pride,  
And crowding Years its airy Boasts deride.

Triumphant

Triumphant BEAUTY fits in *Flavia's* Eyes,  
 But while we gaze, the trembling Lustre dies;  
*Thyrsis* compleatly form'd with ev'ry Grace,  
 A faultless Shape, and an enchanting Face,  
 In all his Motions each becoming Air,  
 Greatness, and native Elegance appear,  
 Careless and free, in Life's deluding Bloom,  
 But envious DEATH threatens a hasty Doom;  
 Some gentle Mistress full of Love and Truth,  
 Shall soon lament the dear unrival'd Youth.  
 "Thou lovely, flatt'ring, transitory Thing,  
 "From what immense Perfection dost thou spring?  
 To what complete Original return,  
 While we thy vain Appearance only mourn?  
 Howe're our doating Thoughts mistake the Way,  
 To certain Bliss, thine is a friendly Ray,  
 That points the Passage to unblemish'd Day.  
 Ye heav'nly Forms in all your Pride appear,  
 And shew us what immortal BEAUTIES are,  
 What Life, what rosy Bloom your Faces wear!  
 Put on each smiling Grace, and conq'ring Charm,  
 And all the Force of mortal Love disarm;  
 For still our restless Thoughts take glorious Aims,  
 Howe're seduc'd by these inferior Flames,  
 The leading Passion, the supreme Desire,  
 To things Divine and Infinite aspire.



*Eternal Excellence!* 'tis only thee,  
 We search thro' Nature's bright Variety;  
 Our eager Wishes with impetuous Force,  
 To thee unknown, keep on their restless Course;  
 'Tis thee we seek and Love, for thee we pine,  
 The powerful Charm, the soft Attraction's thine;  
 To thee these Sighs, these tender Vows ascend,  
 Th' unseen Divinity we still intend;  
 Sick of these fading Joys, our Thoughts press on,  
 To Joys untasted, Excellence unknown.

Thou great ORIGINAL of all that's Fair,  
 Whose Glories no Similitude can bear;  
 Before the darting Splendor of thy Eyes,  
 The Pride of all created BEAUTY dies.



THE



# THE MEDICINE.

A

T A L E——For the L A D I E S.

**M**ISS Molly, a fam'd T O A S T, was Fair and  
Young,  
Had Wealth and Charms,----but then she  
had a Tongue!

From Morn to Night th' Eternal L A R U M run,  
Which often lost those Hearts her Eyes had won.

Sir John was smitten, and confess'd his Flame,  
Sigh'd <sup>out</sup> the usual time, then wed the D A M E.

Possess'd,

Possess'd, he thought, of ev'ry Joy of Life,

But his dear *Molly* prov'd a very Wife.

Excess of Fondness did in time decline,

*Madam* lov'd MONEY and the *Knight* lov'd WINE.

From whence some petty Discords would arise,

As, *You're a Fool*; — and, *You are mighty Wise*.

Tho' he, and all the World, allow'd her Wit,  
Her Voice was SHRILL, and rather loud than sweet;  
When she began, ——— for Hat and Sword he'd call,  
Then after a faint Kiss, ——— cry, B'y, dear *Moll*;  
Supper and Friends expect me at the *Rose*,  
And, what, Sir *John*, you'll get your usual Dose!  
Go, stink of Smoak, and guzzle nasty Wine,  
Sure, never virtuous Love was us'd like mine!

Oft as the watchful Bell-Man march'd his Round,  
At a fresh Bottle gay Sir *John* he found;  
By Four the Knight would get his Bus'ness done,  
And only then reel'd off, because alone;  
Full well he knew the dreadful Storm to come,  
But arm'd with *Bordeaux*, he durst venture home.

My Lady with her Tongue was still prepar'd,  
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:  
'Tis a fine Hour! In a sweet Pickle made!  
And this, Sir *John*, is ev'ry Day the Trade.

Here I sit moping all the live-long Night,  
 Devour'd with Spleen, and Stranger to Delight;  
 'Till Morn sends Stagg'ring home a drunken Beast,  
 Resolv'd to break my Heart, as well as Rest.  
 HEY! Hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd obstrep'rous Spouse!  
 What, can't you find one Bed about the House?  
 Will that perpetual C L A C K lye never still?  
 That Rival to the softness of a Mill!  
 Some Couch and distant Room must be my Choice,  
 Where I may sleep uncurs'd with Wife and Noise.

Long this uncomfortable L I F E they led,  
 With snarling Meals, and each a sep'rate Bed.  
 To an old Uncle oft she would complain,  
 Beg his Advice, and scarce from Tears refrain:  
 Old *Wisewood* smok'd the Matter as it was,  
 Cheer up, cry'd he, and I'll remove the Cause.  
 A wond'rous Spring within my Garden flows,  
 Of sov'reign Virtue, chiefly to compose  
 Domestick Jarrs, and Matrimonial Strife,  
 The best E L I X I R t' appease Man and Wife;  
 Strange are th' Effects, and Qualities Divine,  
 'Tis Water call'd, but worth its Weight in Wine.  
 If in his fullen Airs Sir *John* should come,  
 Three spoonfuls take, hold in your Mouth — then Mum:  
 Smile and look pleas'd, when he shall rage and scold,  
 Still in your Mouth the healing Cordial hold;



One Month this Sympathetick Med'cine try'd,  
 He'll grow a Lover, you a happy Bride.  
 But, dearest Niece, keep this grand Secret close,  
 Or ev'ry prating Hussy'll get a Dose.

A Water Bottle's brought for her Relief,  
 Not *Nantz* could sooner ease the Lady's Grief:  
 Her busy Thoughts are on the Tryal bent,  
 And, FEMALE like, impatient for th' Event.

The bonny Knight reels home exceeding clear,  
 Prepar'd for Clamour, and Domestick War.  
 Ent'ring, he cry's, — Hey! where's our Thunder fled?  
 No Hurricane! *Betty's* your Lady dead?  
 Madam, aside, an ample Mouthful takes,  
 Court'fy's, looks kind, but not a Word she speaks:  
 Wond'ring, he star'd, scarcely his Eyes believ'd,  
 But found his Ears agreeably deceiv'd.  
 Why, how now, *Molly*; What's the Crotchet now?  
 She smiles, and answers only with a Bow.  
 Then clasping her about — Why, let me die!  
 These Night-Cloaths, *Moll*, become thee mightily!  
 With that he sigh'd, her Hand began to press,  
 And *Betty* calls, her Lady to undress.  
 Nay, kiss me, *Molly*, — for I'm much inclin'd:  
 Her Lace she cuts to take him in the Mind.  
 Thus the fond Pair to Bed enamour'd went,  
 The *Lady* pleas'd, and the good *Knight* content.

For many Days these fond Endearments past,  
The reconciling Bottle fails at last;  
'Twas us'd and gone, — Then Midnight Storms arose,  
And Looks and Words the Union discompose.  
Her Coach is order'd, and Post-haste she flies,  
To beg her Uncle for some fresh Supplies;  
Transported does the strange Effects relate,  
Her Knight's Conversion, and her happy State!

Why, Niece, says he, — I prithee apprehend,  
The Water's Water, — Be thy self thy Friend;  
Such Beauty would the coldest Husband warm,  
But your provoking Tongue undoes the Charm:  
Be silent and complying — You'll soon find,  
Sir *John*, without a Med'cine, will be kind,





# FLAVIA'S P I C T U R E.

**T**HE Labours of the Toilet past,  
The new Complexion lik'd at last;  
The Red and white dispos'd with Art,  
Each for the Day assign'd its Part;

FLAVIA now vent'ring into View,  
Calls *John* to put the Horses to;  
Trim in her Seat, drives slowly on,  
And lands at *Jervas's* by One;  
Strait to the Glass she makes her Way;  
Lord! I look frightfully to Day:  
Now plac'd, she sets her Face to rights,  
The Pow'r of all her Charms unites,  
Lights up her Eyes, her Forehead braces,  
And decks her Mouth in Smiles and Graces.

*Jervas*

*Jervas* begins her Face to scan ;  
She looks as lovely as she can ;  
While the fly Wag, who loves a Joke,  
Draws on, and Smiles at ev'ry Stroke :  
Now a new FLAVIA you behold,  
Form'd by his Hand, so like the old ;  
Survey them both, and you'll conjecture,  
His Piece the LIFE, and her the PICTURE.



EPISTLE





# EPISTLE

FROM A

Gentleman in *Holland*,

TO HIS

Friend in *England*,

In the Year, 1703.



FROM *Utrecht's* silent Walks, by Winds I  
send  
Health and kind Wishes to my absent  
Friend.

The Winter spent, I feel the Poet's Fire;  
The Sun advances, and the Fogs retire:  
The genial Spring unbinds the frozen Earth,  
Dawns on the Trees, and gives the Primrose Birth.

Loos'd

Loos'd from their friendly Harbours, once again  
Confederate Fleets assemble on the Main:  
The Voice of War the gallant Soldier wakes;  
And weeping CHLOE parting Kisses takes.  
On new-plum'd Wings the *Roman* Eagle soars;  
The *Belgick* Lyon in full Fury roars.  
Dispatch the Leader from your happy Coast,  
The Hope of *Europe*, and *Britannia's* Boast:  
O, *Marlborough*, come! fresh Laurels for Thee rise!  
One Conquest more; and *Gallia* will grow wise.  
Old *Lewis* makes his last Effort in Arms,  
And shews how, ev'n in Age, Ambition charms.

Mean while, my Friend, the pleasing Shades I haunt,  
And smooth Canals; and after Riv'lets pant:  
The smooth Canals, alas! to lifeless show,  
Nor to the Eye, nor to the Ear they flow.  
Studious of Ease, and fond of humble Things,  
Below the Smiles, below the Frowns of Kings;  
Thanks to my Stars, I prize the Sweets of Life,  
No sleepless Nights I count, no Days of Strife.  
Content to Live, content to Dye unknown,  
Lord of my self, accountable to none;  
I Sleep, I Wake, I Drink, I sometimes Love,  
I Read, I write, I Settle, and I Rove,  
When and where-e'er I please; thus ev'ry Hour  
Gives some new Proof of my despotick Pow'r.

All that I Will, I can; but then, I Will  
As Reason bids; I meditate no Ill:  
And pleas'd with Things that in my Level lie,  
Leave it to Madmen o'er the Clouds to fly.

But this is all Romance, a Dream to you,  
Who Fence and Dance, and keep the Court in view.  
White Staffs and Truncheons, Seals and golden Keys,  
And silver Stars your tow'ring Genius please.  
Such manly Thoughts in ev'ry Infant rise,  
Who daily for some Tinsel Trinket crys.  
Go on, and prosper, Sir; but first from me  
Learn your own Temper, for I know you Free.  
You can be honest; but you cannot Bow  
And cringe beneath a supercilious Brow;  
You cannot Fawn, your stubborn Soul recoils  
At Baseness; and your Blood too highly Boils.  
From Nature some submissive Tempers have,  
Unkind to you, she form'd you not a Slave.  
A Courtier must be supple, full of Guile,  
Must learn to Praise, to Flatter, to Revile  
The Good, the Bad; an Enemy, a Friend;  
To give false Hopes, and on false Hopes depend.  
Go on, and prosper, Sir; but learn to hide  
Your upright Spirit; 'twill be constru'd Pride.  
The Splendor of a Court is all a Cheat;  
You must grow Servile, e'er you can grow Great.

Your

Besides, your ancient Patrimony wasted,  
Your Youth worn out, your Schemes of Grandeur blasted,  
You may perhaps retire in Discontent,  
And curse your Patron for no strange Event:  
The Patron will his Innocence protest,  
And frown in earnest, tho' he smil'd in jest.

Man only from Himself can suffer Wrong;  
His Reason fails, as his Desires grow strong:  
Hence, wanting Ballast, and too full of Sail,  
He lies expos'd to ev'ry rising Gale.  
From Youth to Age, for Happiness he's bound;  
He splits on Rocks, or runs his Bark aground;  
Or, wide of Land, a desert Ocean views,  
And, to the last, the flying Port pursues:  
Yet at the last, the Port he does not gain,  
And, dying, finds too late, he liv'd in vain.







THE  
PROCLAMATION  
OF  
*CUPID.*

---

From CHAUCER.

---



W E, *CUPID*, KING, whose Arbitrary  
Sway,  
Our Kindred Deities on high obey,  
Whose Pow'r invades the deep Infernal  
Coasts,  
Awes the grim King, and all the bloodless Ghosts,  
Whose Shrines the busy World for ever grace  
With Vot'ries num'rous, as their Mortal Race.

To

# MISCELLANY POEMS.

75

To all who to our ALTARS duly bend,  
WE, *Cytherea's* Son, our self commend,  
And to our Subjects hearty Greetings send,

3

Be it to all, and every Person known,  
That high Complaints are offer'd to our Throne;  
The FEMALE SEX in gen'ral send their Grief,  
Ask our Assistance, and demand Relief.  
Their smooth Petitions in a moving Strain,  
Of MANKIND's Ingratitude, and Guilt, complain:  
In one Part, *Lies* and *Perjuries* abound,  
Here *Censures* blacken, and there *Satyrs* wound.  
Nor is there one of all the softer Tribe,  
Whose *Hand* or *Mark* does not her Grief subscribe;  
For at the bottom of the Page I find,  
By *Matron*, *Spinster*, *Dutchess*, *Cookmaid*, — Sign'd.

But no Complaints so much affect our Rest,  
And with Compassion touch our Royal Breast,  
As those which from a little *Island* came,  
Of our Dominions, which they BRITAIN name;  
They say, that there the rank infected Soil  
Shoots up in Harvests of successful Guile;  
That Men so perfect play the subtle Part,  
And honest Nature's so disguis'd by Art,  
That their Breasts tremble with dissembling Sighs,  
And Tears suborn'd seem starting from their Eyes.

Thus, their feign'd Woes the kind Believer wound,  
While no true Sorrow at the Heart is found.

There pale and wan the Lover's Looks appear,  
All full of humble Hope, and awful Fear,  
Their Speech with winning Eloquence ensnares,  
Softened with Vows, and sanctify'd with Pray'rs.  
They cry, their Suff'rings are too great to bear,  
And if unheeded by the cruel FAIR,  
They talk of dying on the Spot they stand,  
Of the sharp Knife, and executing Hand,

" Ah, Lady mine, (the rapt'rous Lover cries)  
" Here by thy self I swear, by those bright Eyes,  
" That from this Moment, to the parting Grave,  
" I am thy humblest, thy sincerest Slave.  
" Nor think this Slave can so ungen'rous prove,  
" As to divulge the Secret of thy Love;  
" Sooner thy self shall tell thy own Disgrace,  
" And strive to blast the Beauties of thy Face,  
" Than my false Tongue against my Heart rebel,  
" Or seize me Furies! and confound me Hell!

Full hard it is to search the secret Part,  
And pierce the cover'd Foldings of the Heart.  
Words sooth our Ear, and Persons please our Eye,  
But none the Truth can by Appearance try.

MISCELLANY POEMS.

77

Thus faithful W O M A N, innocently free,  
 Suspects no Falshood, where she none can see;  
 Led by fair Shows, she hastens to her Fate,  
 Too soon believes them, and repents too late.  
 These sad Degrees the Fair Ones often prove,  
 They pity first, and Pity kindles Love;  
 Fearful that M A N to fierce Extremes may drive,  
 To stop his Ruin, they their own contrive,  
 To him resign their Love, their Fame, their A L L,  
 And give the Gift they never can re-call.

But when the Wretch, in frequent Joys carest,  
 Discerns his Conquest o'er the weaker Breast;  
 If in the Circle of his Range he sees  
 Another Face that better seems to please;  
 He then no more his past Resolves allows,  
 Forswears his Promises, recants his Vows;  
 To his new Idol with fierce Passion cleaves,  
 Again is perjur'd, and again deceives.  
 And now, since None's so bad but he may find  
 Some Friend, or dark Companion of his kind,  
 Soon as the Traytor quits the mournful Dame,  
 He boasts the Triumph of her murder'd Fame.  
 Thus discontented with a private Wrong,  
 He spreads his Baseness with a busy Tongue,  
 'Till o'er the Town the growing Scandal flies,  
 The Jest of Fools, and Sorrow of the Wife.



Is this M A N s Honour, this his boasted Pride,  
To publish that which Honour bids him hide?  
Thus does he all the Sexes Love repay,  
Seduce them first, then, doubly false, betray?  
Fool! who reflects not that he Stains with Shame,  
At once, his own, and the fair Suff'rer's Name.  
And yet not hers ——— To her we justly owe  
All tender Thoughts that can from Pity flow.  
Soft to Persuasion, and to Falshood blind,  
She only to the cruel Part prefer'd the kind.  
But he who spoke so fair, and basely thought;  
His be the Shame, as it in Reason ought.  
But she deserves our Gratitude and Praise,  
Who in these evil and uncourteous Days,  
Free of her Store, and bounteous in Relief,  
Thro' too much Charity prefer'd a Thief.

Yet more Excuses for the Sex succeed,  
(And who refuses for the Fair to plead)  
Since M A N is form'd with strong superior Parts,  
By Nature subtle, and improv'd by Arts,  
No Wonder if, with all these Gifts endu'd,  
Poor, easy, harmless W O M A N is subdu'd.  
Who has not heard how ancient *Troy* was won,  
And a whole Empire by a M A N undone? }  
In vain beleaguer'd ten long tedious Years,  
She fell a Prey to guileful *Simfon's* Tears.

# MISCELLANY POEMS.

79

All Scenes of Ill in Traytor, MAN, are wrought,  
 And States and Nations ruin'd at a Thought.  
 The POLITICIAN spins so fine a Thread,  
 That PRINCES think they lead, when they are led;  
 Well-pleas'd they slumber o'er the fancy'd Scheme,  
 And wake in Ruin from a golden Dream.  
 What knowing Judgment, or what piercing Eye  
 Can this Mysterious Maze of Falshood try?  
 Intriguing MAN, of a suspicious Mind,  
 MAN only knows the Cunning of his Kind;  
 With equal Wit can counter-work his Foes,  
 And Art with Art, and Fraud with Fraud oppose.  
 Then heed ye Fair, e'er you their Cunning prove,  
 And think of Treach'ry, while they talk of Love.

A thousand Tricks as yet remain untold,  
 Which faithless MEN as useful Maxims hold.  
 One Gallant, when the common Methods fail,  
 Nor Arguments, nor Vows, nor Oaths prevail,  
 Commits his Purpose to a trusty Spy.  
 To watch her Actions with a careful Eye,  
 To find her Byass, and to trace her Haunts,  
 Then bribe her Appetites, or press her Wants.  
 Ah! little think the Fair what various Ways  
 Perfidious MAN their weaker Sex betrays.

Another Wretch unto his Fellow cries,  
 " Thou fisteft fair, and happy is thy Prize;  
 " For ſhe, whoſe Beauty now ſubdues thy Mind,  
 " Is faithleſs, falſe, inconstant as the Wind;  
 " A Hackney-Jade, that plys about for Fare,  
 " Her Arms as common *as a Barber's Chair*;  
 " Then ſpeed thee faſt, and ride thy Journey on,  
 " Another comes as ſoon as thou art gone;  
 " And then a third; for ſhe's ſo lib'ral grown,  
 " She lends her Carcaſs but to half the Town.  
 " Nor minds ſhe whom, but ſhuns ſuperior Charms,  
 " And languiſhes in dirty Porter's Arms;  
 " Forces an Appetite to nauſeous Vice,  
 " And buys Damnation at a double Price.  
 " Nor vainly think that her alone I blame,  
 " Believe me, Sir, the Sex are all the ſame.  
 " There's hardly one of all that curſed Kind,  
 " But changes twenty times a Day her Mind;  
 " And would her M A N, could ſhe as many find.

The preaching Fool, with Diſappointment vext,  
 Thus rails at large, and riots o'er the Text.  
 Malice thro' all his poor Diſguiſe is ſeen,  
*Since publick Satyr is but private Spleen.*  
 For whence proceeds this bitterneſs of Tongue,  
 But from Reſentment of a ſecret Wrong?  
 When he, who lov'd, deſpairing of Succeſs,  
 Envieth the Beauty which he can't poſſeſs;

With Grief he looks on all his Passion cost;  
On Oaths, and Pray'rs, and Equipages lost:  
On Confessors, seduc'd by holy Gain,  
And Chamber-Maids, and Saints address'd in vain.  
Hopeless to win, and scorning now to Court,  
To downright Scandal is his last Resort.

"WOMEN, crys he, are Sick of one Disease,  
"And the same Med'cine all the Sex will ease:  
"Take but the Time, and some Love-Story tell,  
"Talk to their Vanity, and flatter well;  
"Repeat the same again, and look, and sigh,  
"And they'll say nothing, rather than deny.  
"Then who would such an easy Conquest wait,  
"Or purchase Pleasure at so cheap a Rate?  
"Who for the Sex one Moment's Pain endure,  
"I recommend a Mad-House for their Cure.

This Scandal sure but ill-becomes their Kind,  
And shews a peevish Impotence of Mind;  
Slander in all degrees is Baseness thought,  
But to a WOMAN is a double Fault:  
MAN stands oblig'd to arm in their Defence,  
From Nature, Custom, and the Rules of Sense;  
Nor holds he Right by any other Claim,  
To Gen'rous Breeding, and to Honour's Name.  
But Slander will the fairest Fame disgrace,  
Will cancel Titles, and the Blood debase,



No VICE so bad as Levity of Tongue;  
*He that Talks much is often in the Wrong.*  
 The Tongue of MAN no Pow'rs of Art can tye,  
 It moves so swiftly, and it mounts so high;  
 And Reason follows with so slow a Pace,  
 She soon is lost and distanc'd in the Race.  
 From hence is all that Vanity of Speech,  
 Which Boys are fond of, and which Mad-men teach.

But now suppose we may one WOMAN find,  
 Loaded with all the Follies of her kind;  
 Inconstant, Humoursome, Affected, Nice,  
 Strong in her Passions, of a Gust for Vice;  
 O'ercharg'd with Malice, Turbulence, and Spleen,  
 In Speech provoking, in Resentment keen,  
 Self-will'd, Imperious, Proud, to Vengeance prone,  
 Dissembling all Things, and believing None,  
 Lavish of Faith, and prodigal of Fame,  
 Stranger alike to Virtue, and to Shame;  
 Grant all these Follies in one WOMAN meet,  
 And shew the Vices of the Sex complete:  
 Because One is, must ev'ry Fair be so?  
 The Fools say, Yes; but wiser *Chaucer*, No.  
 For sure one WOMAN cannot be a Test,  
 To damn the Sex, and scandal all the rest.

When the high GOD his Rank of Angels fram'd,  
 Were all among that heav'nly Host unblam'd?

We know that many from their Glory fell,  
By Pride sent Headlong to the Depths of Hell.  
What tho' they fell, shall Mortals be allow'd  
From their Offence, to style *all* Angels proud?

Yet wave the sacred Text; We ought to know,  
What we to W O M A N, as our Mother, owe;  
Shall Branches on the Root, Reproaches bring,  
Or the descending Stream despise the Spring?  
Could this have flow'd, or that have flourish'd green,  
Unless the Mother-Fount, and Tree had been?

[ An antique Proverb is in *English* told,  
(Proverbs are better still for being old)  
*Ill is the Bird that soils his proper Nest;*  
Avoid a Title of a homely Jest.  
Hold fair thy Mother, and protect her Fame,  
Since thou must be a Sharer in her Shame.

And yet the Ladies long Complaints have made,  
On wicked Scholars of the writing Trade,  
Who unprovok'd, in senseless Rhymes proclaim  
The S E X E S Falshood, and insult their Fame,  
A Race of Blockheads, who pretend to think,  
And coolly Murder with their P E N and I N K.  
These sorry Books (for sorry sure they are)  
Recite unnumbered Treasures of the Fair;

They talk of *David, Sampson, Solomon,*  
 And thousand more by faithless Dames undone;  
 And when they can no further stretch their Lays,  
 Condemn poor W O M A N by *Et Cetera's,*

*Ovid*, who wrote the *Remedy of Love*,  
 (Vain Bard to write what he could never prove!)  
 Reproaches W O M A N in malicious Strains;  
 Yet was he but an Ass for all his Pains:  
 And so is every one whose P E N upbraids,  
 Or true, or false, the Levity of M A I D S.  
 But all the learned *Clerks*, as Custom goes,  
 This Maxim hold in Metre, and in Prose,  
 The Sex against their Knowledge to blaspheme,  
 And Lye at large, when W O M A N is the Theme.

These wicked *Clerks*, averse to honest Truth,  
 Debauch the tender Principles of Youth!  
 Teach them by idle Books. and foolish Rhymes,  
 To shun their Charms, and hate the Sex betimes;  
 Of guilty Maids, and Lovers lost, enrol  
 A canting, lying, lamentable Scrole.  
 Thus ev'ry Boy of some false Nymph can tell,  
 And curses W O M A N, as he learns to spell.  
 Yet nought avails it what these Scholars feign,  
 Their Saws, their Sayings, and their Books are vain!  
 For here I swear, from this auspicious Hour,  
 What between mine, and Lady Nature's Pow'r,

Long

Long as this worldly Frame, and Men endure,  
The Force of Love no Remedy shall cure.

These very Wretches, who my Pow'r disdain,  
Have felt my Arrows, and have hug'd my Chain.  
But now unweildy Age, unfit for Sport,  
Hath cut the Vigor of their Talents short;  
They want the Courage to engage in Fight,  
So laugh at Love, turn Splenatick, and write.  
Well said, wise Reynard, when he wanted Pow'r  
To reach the distant Vine, — *These Grapes are sow'r.*

But maugre those who censure W O M A N most,  
(Such is the fatal Force my Arrows boast)  
One blow shall strike the sawcy Babblers mute,  
Confound their Satyr, and their Pride refute.  
If so I will, for all that they can muse,  
These W I T S shall seek the Refuse of the Stews;  
Blindly pursue the lowest, meanest Flirt,  
Grow fond, and court Deformity and Dirt;  
Nor less for her shall be the painful Smart,  
Than if a Dutcheß had inflam'd his Heart.  
So can I set the Soul of M A N on fire,  
And Joy, or Sorrow, at my Will inspire!  
Then woe the Wretch! who dares condemn the Fair,  
Long shall he weep, and Struggle in the Snare;  
Smit by my piercing Dart his Folly moan,  
And all my G O D-head in its Terrors own.



Let *Ovid*, subtle Clerk, a Witness stand-  
To future Times, of my avenging Hand.  
He, and a thousand more, with Learning fraught,  
Spite of their Learning, were by W O M A N caught.  
Well may it seem a Myſtery to ſome,  
That he, the firſt and greateſt W I T of *Rome*,  
Who tutor'd others in the Lover's School,  
Should prove no better than a W O M A N's F O O L.

But none ſhould wonder at ſuch Sightſ as theſe,  
Since W O M E N ſee the Frauds of M E N with eaſe;  
Their ſoft Seducements and alluring Arts,  
And treach'rous Falſhoods lurking at their Hearts.  
Thus taught by M E N, the Female Sex oppoſe,  
With their own Weapons their invading Foes,  
Wiles againſt Wiles are happily imploy'd,  
As Poyſon by another Poyſon is deſtroy'd.

Yet heed me well, ye honourable F A I R,  
Nor draw Examples from ſo falſe a Snare.  
Bad were the D A M E S, who ancient Clerks betray'd,  
And yet the Clerks in proper Coin were paid.  
For if theſe wicked M E N, who Love pretend,  
Were but ſincere, and fearful to offend,  
W O M A N the true and conſtant Part would play,  
But M A N is falſe, and changes every Day;

His Love is Form, his Principle Deceit;  
Then where's the Baseness to betray a Cheat?

Another Scandal on the Sex is thrown,  
That they to Lewdness are by Nature prone,  
Easy of Faith, and impotent of Mind,  
To the first Coxcomb, that they meet inclin'd.  
If silly WOMAN is subdu'd so soon,  
How idle was the PEN of *John de Mohun*,  
(a) Who in his peerless *Legend of the Rose*,  
Spins such a Series of unnumbered Woes,  
Of Wiles, and Stratagems, and Dangers past,  
And all to gain a simple MAID at last?

The Case is plain, where Force and Cunning press,  
The certain Consequence must be Success:  
Thus in the bloody Field are Battles won,  
Thus Towns are taken, WOMEN thus undone.  
Yet if it asks such Engines, and such Pain,  
The Fortrefs of a Female Heart to gain;  
Then are they not that weak and easy Tribe,  
Or so Inconstant, as the MEN describe.  
But are as WOMEN ought, and were design'd,  
Friendly of Heart, and pitiful of Mind.

---

(a) John de Mohun, a French Author, whom Chaucer has Translated; the [Title of the Book is, The Romant of the Rose; the Subject is all Love.

How kindly good *Medea* was of old,  
 Who taught the Youth to win the *Fleecy Gold*,  
 How false to her did perjur'd *Jason* prove,  
 Who gave him Victory, and Fame, and Love?  
 What Pity *Dido* to *Aeneas* shew'd,  
 Receiv'd the Shipwreck'd Wand'rer as a God,  
 Unask'd, reliev'd his Wants, heal'd ev'ry Smart,  
 And gave an Empire dower'd with her Heart?  
 Yet false, ungrateful, and forsworn he flew,  
 And her, who sav'd him, by Unkindness flew.

(b) My Legend too of Natures will supply  
 A thousand Falshoods of as black a Dye;  
 The Reader there (if so he list) may find,  
 Nor Vows, nor Oaths can tye the faithless Kind;  
 That fearless MAN pursues his wicked Game,  
 Nor feels the Conscience of repenting Shame,  
 That their whole Heart is one infected Ground,  
 Rank with Deceit, unconstant, and unsound.

And yet these Legendary Clerks devise,  
 To blemish WOMAN with repeated Lyes.  
 "Hearken, they cry, you bold Felonious Brood,  
 "Who live by Murder, and grow fat by Blood;  
 "Would you some new, some mighty Crime begin,  
 "Let WOMAN be a Sharer in the Sin.

---

(b) *A Piece of Chaucer's, in defence of Women.*

“ Do Tears and soft Compassion plead for Life?  
 “ Give her the fatal Sword, and murd’ring Knife:  
 “ To all the gentle Ties of Nature blind,  
 “ She’ll Stab ——— and justify her wicked Kind.

Oh! to what height Invention will arrive,  
 When Malice sows the Seed, and bids it thrive!  
 Scandal may safely under Covert shoot,  
*But Things improbable themselves refute.*  
 For who, alas! can fear a W O M A N’s He,  
 Or cruel Deeds their softer Temper start.  
 Oppression is a Stranger to the Sex,  
 They burn no Towns, nor harass’d Subjects vex;  
 No Instruments of War, or Feud imploy,  
 Betray no Empires, and no Kings destroy;  
 By them no Heirs are lost, no Bubbles made,  
 The Courtiers, Lawyers, and Physician’s Trade.

From Nature, and from Custom they possess  
 A tender Charity, inclin’d to bless;  
 Good Will, and fair Belief their Actions crown;  
 Some Sense they have ——— but Love is all their own;  
 The Wrath of M A N their milder Words controul,  
 Disarm his Rage, and softly sooth his Soul;  
 For Eloquence innate their Language warms,  
 And outward Beauty speaks their inward Charms.  
*W O M A N is all the Wonders that we paint,*  
*A Guardian Angel, and a saving Saint,*



*Full of Devotion, to Compassion prone,  
 Humble as Strangers in a Land unknown.  
 Their glowing Blushes tell their modest Thought,  
 Yet are they free, where Freedom is no Fault;  
 Awful and silent, yet when Reason calls,  
 In measurable Words their Meaning falls.*

But now, if *One* among the Female Kind,  
 (And *One* perhaps a curious Eye may find)  
 Is not with *these* proper Virtues blest;  
 Know that, *That One* has Nature's Rules transgressed:  
 And let some Trav'ler say, who long has sought,  
 At last he found a *Woman in the Fault*.

The next and last Recourse of wicked MEN,  
 Is to wound WOMAN with the sacred Pen;  
 To curse poor *Eve*, and urge the Text that bears  
 The sad Entail ——— To *Her and to her Heirs*.  
 What Time her fatal Hand presum'd to draw  
 The *Fruit forbidden*, and to break the Law.

To Sermon thus, as holy Church-Men ought,  
 Perhaps in us weak Lay-Men is a Fault,  
 And yet I fear not, lest the grave Divines,  
 To Penance damn me for unhallow'd Lines.  
 On other Sinners may their Curses Show'r,  
 I love the Clergy ——— for I know their Pow'r.

If they cannot, my under Lines approve, !  
Let them to W O M A N justify my Love.

Know then, this Deed our *Mother* ne'er had done,  
But by the Devil's smooth Suggestions won,  
Who well might cheat the wisest W O M A N's Eyes,  
Bely'd beneath the *Serpent's* new Disguise.  
Tho' M A N was lost by her too forward Fault,  
The Loss of M A N was never in her Thought.

Let any Railer at the Sex that can,  
Prove her *Intention* to deceive the M A N.  
*Deceit* supposes, e'er the Deed be wrought,  
A Will to do it, and a Train of Thought;  
Adapts the Means and Manner to deceive,  
But what injurious Tongue says this of *Eve*?  
No Man betrays, but casts his Purpose first;  
This *Satan* did; by him we stand accurs'd.  
The Fiend's Contrivance gave the fatal Stroke,  
*The W O M A N only her Obedience broke:*  
Which Law the best and wisest of us all  
Daily infringe, yet damn Her for our Fall.  
Vain Partiality! absurd Abuse!  
That will not lend, yet borrows Her Excuse.

But M A N is stedfast, in his Purpose strong;  
And W O M A N light, and leaning to the Wrong.

So Authors say, and this we still embrace;  
 But who can witness this in *Adam's* Case?  
 Their Frailties were alike, both Pardon need,  
 Tho' more Excuses for the *W O M A N* plead,  
 Since *willingly* the Fiend did her deceive,  
 (c) *And did she not Adam, by your Leave?*

Yet happy was this Sin to Human Race,  
 The Spring of endless Joy, the Source of Grace.  
 Himself deceiv'd, the great Deceiver found,  
 And felt in *Men Redeem'd* the threatned wound.  
 Nor would High *G O D*, All-knowing, and All-wise,  
 Who pierces Nature with unslumb'ring Eyes,  
 Had He in *W O M A N* seen what *M E N* record,  
 Deem'd her a Lodging suited to our *L O R D*,  
 Or planted in that Sex whence *Sin* began,  
 A *Second Tree of Life*, and rais'd immortal *M A N*.

(d) *O L A D Y*, full of Excellence and Grace!  
 O dear Renewer of a ruin'd Race!  
 What Prophet, or what Angel will inspire  
 My glowing Heart, and touch my Lips with Fire?  
 No lower Praise can with thy Blessings vie,  
 No Human Voice attempt a Song so high.

---

(c) *This whole Line stands as in the Original.*

(d) *In this Address to the Virgin MARY, the Poet goes much further than I durst; he attributes to her the Power of forgiving Sins, &c. as the Romish Church maintains.*

Ye SONS of MEN, for Her alone revere  
The sacred Sex with Wonder, Love, and Fear.

If farther we in Holy Writ proceed,  
More Miracles of Female Truth we read.  
The SON of GOD, abandon'd, and forlorn,  
Left by his Friends, and to his Foes a Scorn,  
While some his Person fled, and some deny'd,  
*Yet WOMAN, constant WOMAN! never ly'd.*  
Then sacred Faith from ev'ry Bosome flown,  
In WOMAN lodg'd—(e) she was the CHURCH ALONE.  
She felt his Agonies, his Wounds, his Thirst,  
*Last left him dying, met him rising First.*

O *Magadlen*! O holy fainted Maid!  
O Strength Divine in Weakness more display'd!  
Scornful of Life for thy Celestial KING,  
O fairest Jewel in the Martyr's Ring!  
What Host of Converts by thy Faith were led!  
How didst thou living dye, and triumph dead!

Yet construe, Sirs, aright what I intend,  
I not the Virgin, but the Saint commend:  
Trust me, it never enter'd once my Head,  
To be the Patron of a barren Bed.

---

(e) *The Learned are desir'd to see whether this Doctrine be true; it is certainly very much to the Honour of the Women.*

I ever



I ever was, and will be still a Foe  
 To Hearts of Ice, and chilly Breasts of Snow.  
 The *Church* may praise the Virtues of a *Nun*,  
 But I cannot, ——— and I am only one.

Now hold this Truce, and once in CUPID trust,  
 All I have said of Woman-kind is just.  
 No vulgar Incense courts their Beauties here,  
 The Servile Sacrifice of Fools that fear;  
 Nor flatt'ring Song, ambitious to ensnare,  
 By pow'rful Numbers, the deluded Fair.  
 Their Features with impartial Hand I strike;  
 And draw the Picture beautiful, yet like,  
 That when the Sex the just Resemblance see,  
 Of what they are, or what they ought to be,  
 They may the Tract of Honour still maintain,  
 Nor only by their Charms, but Virtue Reign;  
 O Virtue, brightest Pow'r, O Guest Divine!  
 When WOMAN'S Bosome is thy sacred Shrine:  
 Pride flies thy Presence; *Pride*, that teaches how  
 To form the Gate, and falsify the Brow:  
*Pride*, that allows the Praise of Fools to pass  
 With the fond Fair, and proves it by her Glass:  
 With the sweet Guest, nor Folly dwells, nor Sin,  
 But all is just without, and pure within.

Thus then We purpose by Our Sov'reign Will,  
 (And We have sworn our Purpose to fulfil)

Let all our Ministers attend our Nod,  
And thus perform the Sentence of their GOD;  
Put these *False Men*, our Rebel Foes to Flight,  
*And banish them for ever from our Sight.*

Let them unpity'd and despairing Rove,  
*Nor dare again approach the Court of Love.*

On Pain of our Displeasure, none presume,  
Or to defer, or mitigate their Doom.

Giv'n at Our Court, where, wonderful to tell!

Millions and Millions of true Lovers dwell.

See that, at full Our *Warrant* you obey,

Thus written *In the Lusty Month of MAY.*





## S O N G.

## I.

**O**N a Bank of Flowe'rs on a Summer's Day,  
 Inviting and Undrest,  
 In her bloom of Years bright CELIA lay,  
 With Love and Sleep opprest;  
 When a youthful Swain with admiring Eyes  
 Wish'd he might the fair Nymph surprize,  
*With a fa, la, la, fa, la, fa, but fear'd approaching Spies.*

## II.

As he gaz'd, a gentle Breeze arose,  
 Which fan'd her Robes aside,  
 And the sleeping Nymph did those Charms disclose  
 which waking she would hide;  
 Then his Breath grew short, and his Heart beat high,  
 And he long'd to touch what he chanc'd to spy,  
*With a fa, la, &c. but durst not still draw nigh.*

## III. All

III.

All amaz'd he stood with her Beauty fir'd,  
 And blest the courteous Wind,  
 Then whisp'ring, sigh'd, and the G O D s desir'd  
 That C E L I A might prove kind;  
 Then with Hopes grown bold he advanc'd amain,  
 But she laugh'd aloud in a Dream, and again  
*With a fa, &c.* repell'd the tim'rous Swain.

IV.

When once Desires inflame the Soul,  
 All modest Doubts withdraw;  
 And the G O D of Love does those Fears controul  
 Which should a Lover awe;  
 Shall a Prize like this, says the am'rous Boy,  
 Escape, and I not the Means imploy,  
*With a Fa, &c.* and seize the proffer'd Joy?

V.

The glowing Youth, to relieve his Pain,  
 The slumb'ring Maid carest,  
 And with trembling Hands the silly Swain  
 Her snowy Bosome prest,



Then the Nymph awak'd, and affrighted, flew,  
 Yet look'd and wish'd he would pursue,  
*With a Fa, &c.* but DAMON miss'd his Cue.

## VI.

Then repenting that he'd let her fly,  
     Himself he thus accus'd;  
 What a dull and stupid Thing was I  
     That such a Chance abus'd;  
 To my Shame it will o'er the Plains be said,  
 That DAMON a Virgin asleep betray'd,  
*With a Fa, &c.* yet let her go a Maid.



DESCRIP-



# DESCRIPTION OF THE Game at *Ombre*.

By Mr. POPE.

**B**ELINDA now, whom Thirst of Fame in-  
vites,  
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights  
At OMBRE, singly to decide their Doom,  
And swells her Breasts with Conquests yet to come.  
Strait the three Bands prepare in Arms to join;  
Each Band the Number of the sacred Nine.  
Soon as she spreads her Hand, th' *Aerial* Guard  
Descend, and sit on each important Card:

100 MISCELLANY POEMS.

First *Ariel* perch'd upon a *Matadore*,  
Then each, according to the Rank they bore;  
For *Sylphs*, yet mindful of their ancient Race,  
Are, as when Women, wond'rous fond of Place.

Behold, four KINGS in Majesty rever'd,  
With hoary Whiskers, and a forky Beard:  
And four fair QUEENS, whose Hands sustain a Flow'r,  
Th' expressive Emblem of their softer Pow'r;  
Four KNAVES in Garbs succinct, a trusty Band,  
Caps on their Heads, and Halberds in their Hand;  
And party-colour'd Troops, a shining Train,  
Draw forth to Combate on the Velvet Plain.

The skilful Nymph reviews her Force with Care;  
Let *Spades* be Trumps, she said, and Trumps they were.

Now move to War her fable *Matadores*,  
In shew like Leaders of the swarthy *Moors*.  
*Spadillia* first, unconquerable Lord!  
Led off two Captive Trumps, and swept the Board.  
As many more *Manillia* forc'd to yield,  
And march'd a Victor from the verdant Field.  
Him *Basto* follow'd, but his Fate more hard,  
Gain'd but one Trump, and one *Plebeian* Card.  
With his broad Sabre next, a Chief in Years,  
The hoary Majesty of *Spades* appears;

Puts forth one manly Leg, to fight reveal'd;  
The rest his many-colour'd Robe conceal'd.  
The Rebel-KNAVE, who dares his Prince engage,  
Proves the just Victim of his Royal Rage.  
Ev'n mighty *Pam*, that KINGS and QUEENS o'erthrew,  
And mow'd down Armies in the Fights of *Lu*,  
Sad Chance of War! now destitute of Aid,  
Falls undistinguish'd by the Victor *Spade*.

Thus far both Armies to *Belinda* yield;  
Now to the Baron, Fate inclines the Field.  
His warlike *Amazon* her Host invades,  
Th' imperial Consort of the Crown of *Spades*.  
The *Club*'s black Tyrant first her Victim dy'd,  
Spight of his haughty Mein, and barb'rous Pride!  
What boots the Royal Circle on his Head,  
His Giant-Limbs, in State unweildly spread;  
That long behind he trails his pompous Robe,  
And, of all Monarchs, only gripes the Globe.

The Baron now his *Diamonds* pours apace;  
Th' embroider'd KING, who shews but half his Face,  
And his refulgent QUEEN, with Pow'rs combin'd,  
Of broken Troops an easy Conquest find.  
*Clubs*, *Diamonds*, *Hearts*, in wild Disorder seen,  
With Throngs promiscuous strew the level Green.



The KNAVE of *Diamonds* tries his wily Arts,  
 And wins (O shameful Chance!) the QUEEN of *Hearts*;  
 At this, the Blood the Virgin's Cheeks forsook,  
 A livid Paleness spreads o'er all her Look;  
 She sees and trembles at th' approaching Ill,  
 Just in the Jaws of Ruin, and *Codille*.  
 And now, as oft in some distemper'd State  
 On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral Fate;  
 An *Ace* of *Hearts* steps forth; the KING unseen  
 Lurk'd in her Hand, and mourn'd his Captive QUEEN;  
 He springs to Vengeance with an eager Pace,  
 And falls like Thunder on the prostrate *Ace*.  
 The Nymph exulting, fills with Shouts the Sky,  
 The Walls, the Woods, and long Canals \* reply.

---

\* Scene, Hampton-Court.





T O A

# SUCCESSFUL RIVAL.

**T**HREE happy *Damon*! to thy longing Arms  
 Has *Mira* now resign'd her Virgin-Charms!  
 O, may she still improve thy rapt'rous Joy!  
 For never can her chaste Endearments cloy.

Thrice happy Lover! prize thy beauteous Store,  
 Nor Heav'n can grant, nor Mortal covet more.  
 And when that Face, where blooming Innocence  
 Unfully'd shines, less Lustre shall dispence;  
 May Time, for ev'ry Charm he weakens there,  
 With some new Virtue recompence the Fair:  
 That so thy riper Passion still may find  
 Fresh Beauties in her undecaying Mind.  
 So shall enamour'd *Mira* find in Thee  
 That Love, that Faith, she might have prov'd in me.

Thy RIVAL once, thy RIVAL now no more;  
 Unenvy'd bids thee all her Sweets explore;  
 And curst, by thy prevailing Destiny,  
 Still Show'rs down Blessings on thy Bride and Thee.  
 Compell'd by Fate, the Charmer I resign,  
 Nor will I at thy happier Lot repine:  
 The Love of *Mira* has my Soul refin'd,  
 And from ungen'rous Passions purg'd my Mind.

Had Heav'n bestow'd the glorious Prize on me,  
 And you, like *Thyrsis* lov'd, if that can be;  
 Imparadis'd within the Fair ONE's Arms,  
 Blest in her Smiles, and Lord of all her Charms,  
 Ev'n then, reflecting on the Joys you lost,  
 A gen'rous Sympathy some Sighs had cost;  
 By my own Joys I should have guess'd your Pain,  
 And almost wish'd you had not lov'd in vain;  
 To Fate alone have giv'n the dear Success,  
 Nor thought my Merit greater, nor your's less.

O! if a Wretch, dead-frozen by Disdain,  
 Can e'er by sunny Love be warm'd again;  
 Then quickly, Heav'n, bright *Mira's* Loss repair  
 By some kind Nymph, compassionate as fair.  
 May *Mira's* milder Glances arm her Eye;  
 Her Cheeks may *Mira's* modest Crimson die;

Her Smiles may *Mira's* winning Sweetness grace,  
 And *Mira's* Lillies blossom in her Face:  
 The same her Features, be her Mind the same,  
 And *Mira's* Virtues add to *Mira's* Fame.

Then, to complete the Workmanship Divine,  
 Give her a Heart as true and fond as mine:  
 With mutual Flames our faithful Bosomes warm;  
 Let her like *Thyrsis* love, like *Mira* charm.  
 I ask no more; in Love completely blest,  
 Let Avarice and Ambition take the rest.



F

P R O.





# PROLOGUE

TO THE

University of Oxford,

On the Acting of

# CATO.



HAT Kings henceforth shall Reign, what  
States be free,

Is fix'd at length by *ANNA*'s just Decrees:  
Whose Brows the Muses sacred Wreath

shall fit,

Is left to you, the Arbiters of Wit.

With beating Hearts the Rival Poets wait,

'Till you, *Athenians*, shall decide their Fate;

Secure,

Secure, when to these learned Seats they come,  
Of equal Judgment, and impartial Doom.

Poor is the Player's Fame, whose whole Renown  
Is but the Praise of a Capricious Town;  
While with Mock-Majesty, and fancy'd Power,  
He struts in Robes, the Monarch of an Hour.  
Oft wide of Nature must he act a Part,  
Make Love in Tropes, in Bombast break his Heart;  
In Turn and Simile resign his Breath,  
And Rhyme and Quibble in the Pangs of Death.  
We blush, when Plays like these receive Applause,  
And laugh, in secret, at the Tears we cause;  
With honest Scorn our own Success disdain,  
A worthless Honour, and inglorious Gain.

No trifling Scenes at OXFORD shall appear;  
Well, what We blush to Act, may you to hear.  
To you our fam'd, our Standard PLAYS we bring,  
The Work of Poets, whom you taught to Sing:  
Tho' crown'd with Fame, they dare not think it Due,  
Nor take the Laurel 'till bestow'd by You.  
Great CATO's self, the Glory of the Stage,  
Who charms, corrects, exalts, and fires the Age,  
Bids here he may be try'd by ROMAN Laws:  
To you, O FATHERS, he submits his Cause;  
He rests not in the People's Gen'ral Voice,  
'Till you, the Senate, have confirm'd his Choice.

Fine is the Secret, delicate the Art,  
To wind the Passions and command the Heart;  
For fancy'd Ills to force our Tears to flow.  
And make the gen'rous Soul in love with Woe;  
To raise the Shades of Heroes to our View,  
Rebuild fall'n Empires, and old Time renew.  
How hard the Task! how rare the God-like Rage!  
None should presume to dictate to the Stage,  
But such as boast a great extensive Mind,  
Enrich'd by Nature, and by Art refin'd;  
Who from the *Ancient* Stores their Knowledge bring,  
And tasted early of the Muse's Spring.  
May none pretend upon her Throne to sit,  
But such, as sprung from you, are born to Wit:  
Chos'n by the *Mob*, their lawless *Claim* we flight:  
Yours is the *Old Hereditary Right*.





TO HER  
 ROYAL HIGHNESS  
 THE  
 Princess of *WALE*S,  
 WITH THE  
 Tragedy of *CATO*.

---

By Mr. ADDISON.

---

**T**HE Muse that oft, with sacred Raptures fir'd,  
 Has gen'rous Thoughts of Liberty inspir'd,  
 And boldly rising for *Britannia's* Laws,  
 Engag'd great *Cato* in her Country's Cause,  
 On you submissive waits, with Hopes assur'd,  
 By whom the mighty Blessing stands secur'd,  
 And all the Glories, that our Age adorn,  
 Are promis'd to a People yet unborn.

No



No longer shall the widow'd Land bemoan  
 A broken Lineage, and a doubtful Throne;  
 But boast her Royal Progeny's Increase,  
 And count the Pledges of her future Peace.  
 O Born to strengthen and to grace our Isle!  
 While you, fair PRINCESS, in your Off-spring smile;  
 Supplying Charms to the succeeding Age,  
 Each heav'nly Daughter's Triumphs we presage;  
 Already see th' Illustrious Youths complain,  
 And pity Monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.

Thou too, the Darling of our fond Desires,  
 Whom *Albion*, opening wide her Arms, requires,  
 With Manly Valour and Attractive Air  
 Shalt quell the Fierce, and captivate the Fair;  
 O *England's* younger Hope! in whom conspire  
 The Mother's Sweetness, and the Father's Fire!  
 For thee, perhaps, ev'n now, of Kingly Race  
 Some dawning Beauty blooms in ev'ry Grace,  
 Some *CAROLINA*, to Heav'n's Dictates true,  
 Who, while the Scepter'd Rivals vainly sue,  
 Thy inborn worth with conscious Eyes shall see,  
 And slight th' Imperial Diadem for Thee.

Pleas'd with the Prospect of successive Reigns,  
 The tuneful Tribe no more in daring Strains

Shall vindicate, with pious Fears oppress,  
 Endanger'd Rights, and Liberty distress:  
 To milder Sounds each Muse shall tune the Lyre,  
 And Gratitude, and Faith to Kings inspire,  
 And filial Love, bid impious Discord cease,  
 And sooth the madding Factions into Peace;  
 Or raise Ambitions in more lofty Lays,  
 And teach the Nation their new Monarch's Praise,  
 Describe his awful Look, and god-like Mind,  
 And *Cæsar's* Power with *Cato's* Vertue joyn'd.

Mean while, bright PRINCESS, who with graceful  
 Ease

And native Majesty, ar't form'd to please;  
 Behold those Arts with a propitious Eye,  
 That suppliant to their great Protectress fly!  
 Then shall they triumph, and the *British* Stage  
 Improve her Manners, and refine her Rage,  
 More noble Characters expose to View,  
 And draw her finish'd Heroines from you;  
 Nor you the kind Indulgence will refuse,  
 Skill'd in the Labours of the deathless Muse:  
 The deathless Muse, with undiminish'd Rays,  
 Through distant Times the lovely Dame conveys.  
 To *GLORIANA*, *Waller's* Harp was strung,  
 The Queen still shines, because the Poet sung.  
 Ev'n all those Graces, in your Frame combin'd,  
 The common Fate of mortal Charms may find;

(Content our short-liv'd Praises to engage,  
 The Joy and Wonder of a single Age,)   
 Unless some Poet in a lasting Song,  
 To late Posterity their Fame prolong,  
 Instruct our Sons the radiant Form to prize,  
 And see your Beauty with their Fathers Eyes.



*On a LADY's seeing CATO Acted.*

**W**Hilst Maudlin Whigs bewail'd their CATO's Fate,  
 Still with dry Eyes the Tory CÆLIA sat,  
 But tho' her Pride forbade the Tears to flow,  
 The gushing Waters found a Vent below;  
 Tho' secret, yet with powerful Streams she mourns,  
 Like twenty River-Gods with all their Urns,  
 Let others shew an Hypocritick Face,  
 She shews her Grief in a sincerer place;  
 There Nature reigns, and Passion's void of Art,  
 For that Road leads directly to the Heart.





A  
P R O L O G U E  
F O R T H E

Fourth of November, 1712.

Being the ANNIVERSARY of the Birth,  
Marriage, and Day of Landing in *England*,  
of the late King *WILLIAM* the Third,  
of Glorious and Immortal MEMORY.

**T**O Day a Mighty HERO comes to warm  
Your curdl'd Blood, and bids you *Britains*  
arm.

To Valour much he owes, to Virtue more;  
He fights to save, and conquers to restore.

He strains no Text, nor makes Dragoons perswade,

He likes RELIGION, but He hates that Trade;

Born.



Born for MANKIND, *They* by his Labours live,  
 Their PROPERTY, is his PREROGATIVE.  
 His Sword destroys less than his Mercy saves,  
 And none, except his Passions, are his Slaves.

- “ With how much haste his Mercy meets his Foes!  
 “ And how unbounded his Forgiveness flows!  
 “ What Trophies o’er our captiv’d Hearts he rears,  
 “ By MODERATION, greater than by Wars!  
 “ His Generous Soul for FREEDOM was design’d,  
 “ To pull down Tyrants, and unslave MANKIND;  
 “ He broke the CHAINS of EUROPE; and when We  
 “ Were doom’d for Slaves, he came and set us Free:  
 “ Shew’d us how Grace made Majesty rever’d,  
 “ And that the PRINCE belov’d, was truly fear’d.

Such, *Britains!* was the PRINCE you did possess,  
 In Councils Great, and in the Camp no Less.  
 Brave, but not Cruel; Wise without Deceit,  
 Born for an Age curs’d with a *Bajazet*.  
 But you disdaining to be too secure,  
 Ask’d his PROTECTION, and yet grudg’d his Power:  
 With you a Monarch’s Right admits Dispute,  
 Who give Supplies, are only Absolute.  
*Britains*, for shame, your Factions Feuds decline,  
 You’ve too long Labour’d for the *Bourbon* Line;  
 Assert lost Rights, an *Austrian* Prince alone,  
 Is born to Nod upon the Spanish Throne.

# MISCELLANY POEMS.

115

Quit your Cabals, Associate, and in Spight  
Of WHIG or TORY, in this Cause Unite;  
One Vote will then send *Anjou* into *France*;  
There let him with Mock-Monarchs rule the Dance.  
Else to the *Mantuan* Soil he may repair,  
Ev'n exil'd GODS of Old, were *Latium's* Care,  
At worst he'll find some *Cornish* Burrough there.

3



A



A  
L E T T E R  
F R O M

*Dick E-----t to Jo T-----s,*

On Drinking to the  
Memory of the Dead.

I.



DEAR old Brother, Jo,  
Last Week you must know,  
Being tir'd with Walking and Thinking;  
As soon as 'twas Night,  
We whisk'd up a Light,  
And refresh'd our Spirits with Drinking.

II. Jo

II.

JO HAINS, BROWN, and I,  
And JAMES NOKES was by,  
And DRYDEN was one of the Club,  
Who suddenly took  
From's Pocket a Book,  
Entitled, *The Tale of a Tub.*

III.

He read it a while,  
Then fell from a Smile  
To Laughing, as if he would split;  
Swore *Mahomet's* Pidgeon,  
Had as much Religion,  
As he who that Treatise had writ.

IV.

Grave DODWELL was there,  
And would make it appear  
That the Author was now made a DEAN,  
And to use him so,  
Was plainly to throw,  
Foul Scandal upon the good Q——N.

V. Then



## V.

Then drunken Tom BROWN,  
 With smiling sat down,  
 And caus'd them a Pitcher to fill;  
 Then charging his Cup,  
 He drank e'ery Drop  
 To the Me'mry of Master WILL.

## VI.

No sooner 'twas said,  
 But in the gods-speed,  
 Came a Tory-Parson from Conk;  
 Who cry'd Might and Main,  
 For GOD's sake refrain,  
 From this horrid Heathenish Work.

## VII.

And forthwith he took,  
 From's Caslock a Book,  
 Of which he brought here a Cargo;  
 To prove it Atheism,  
 By fair Syllogism,  
 As ever concluded with *Ergo*.

VIII. Then

VIII.

Then merry J o H A I N S,  
To read it took Pains,  
And to give us a true Relation;  
Which he did in his Place,  
And with Anger in's Face,  
Undertook for the Confutation.

IX.

Quoth he, I have heard,  
Of this Reverend Bard,  
Tho' I saw not his Book before;  
'Tis not much belov'd,  
And is disapprov'd,  
By his honest good Friend of Dr ——— re.

X.

But if we do think,  
Of the Dead when we drink,  
We don't the dead Person adore;  
We very well know,  
His Body's below,  
Tho' his Soul's gone to Heaven before.

XI. Then

## V.

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 With smiling sat down,  
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XI. Then



## XI.

Then up starts NOKES,  
Who's full of his Jokes,

And said he the like had not heard on;  
For no Man's Intent  
Was so wickedly bent,  
So he begs his Episcopal Pardon:

## XII.

Then charging his Cup,  
He soon drank it up,

As nimble as the Old Swiss Dancer;  
But the Parson stood to't,  
That he would ne'er do't  
'Till the Book had a better Answer;

## XIII.

Therefore, my dear Jo,  
I pray you to go,

And tell the Old Peer, to my Knowledge,  
He has chang'd his Mind,  
And turn'd with the Wind,  
Since he turn'd his Back to the College.

I will not dispute,  
 This Book to confute,  
 Tho' his Arguments are but Scurvy;  
 So I've bid my Host,  
 To send it by Post,  
 To be answer'd by Old TOM DURFEY.

And then let him know,  
 We're honest below,  
 And do not think this a bad Action;  
 As oft as we drink,  
 Of *NASSAU* we think,  
 Without *Irreligion* or *Faction*.





A  
 D I A L O G U E  
 B E T W E E N  
 L O N D O N,  
 A N D T H E  
 R i v e r T H A M E S,  
 O N T H E  
 L a t e Q U E E N ' s p a s s i n g s o m u c h T i m e a t  
 W I N D S O R .

---

By Mr. A. H.

---



NEAR the soft Solitudes of *Chelsea*-Plain,  
 Whose Verdant Banks a constant Spring  
 maintain,  
 The gentle T H A M E S has form'd an am-  
 ple Bay,  
 Where, undisturb'd by Winds, his Streams in Whirl-  
 Pools play.

In

In this sweet Place, the Skies no Terrors wear,  
Nor stormy Tempests discompose the Air;  
Nor ruffled Billows rowl along the Shoar,  
Nor hollow Winds from distant Caverns roar;  
But all serene and calm is form'd to please,  
And Birds of tuneful Notes surround the Trees.  
Hither on *Zephyr's* Wings sweet Scents repair,  
And gentle Breezes fan the peaceful Air,  
Soft as the Sighs of Love-sick Virgins are.

}

Here sad with Grief by *ANNA's* Absence bred,  
The fam'd *Augusta* lean'd her mournful Head,  
And with her Looks confess'd her inward Pains,  
She to the gliding Waters thus complains:

Ye gentle Streams be kind, one Moment stay,  
And on your Surface bear my Sighs away;  
Tell the great Mistress of this happy ISLE,  
*AUGUSTA* weeps, that once was us'd to smile;  
Tell her, she mourns the Rigour of her Fate,  
Rob'd of her high-priz'd Glory and her State.  
What, tho' my lofty Spires are rais'd so high,  
And with their gilded Tops support the Sky?  
What, tho' my warlike Sons defend my Gates,  
And at my Portals untold Plenty waits?  
What, if 'twere all increas'd ten thousand fold,  
Tho' all my Marble should be chang'd to Gold?  
Tho' all my Streets with polish'd Gems should shine,  
And both the *India's* Treasures all be mine?



Tho' Art and Nature strove to make me fair,  
 Could I taste Honour, and my QUEEN not there?  
 But, oh! how fondly I to thee complain,  
 That know'st, unkindly know'st 'tis all in vain?  
 Thy partial Streams their artful Pleasures joyn  
 To raise thy WINDSOR's State, and ruin mine.  
 WINDSOR made lovely, cruel Flood, by thee,  
 In ANNA's Favour has out-rival'd me:  
 But turn, sweet, gentle Current, turn, I pray,  
 And bid the Waters take some other Way:  
 Strip the proud Cortage of its borrow'd Pride,  
 And on my Shoars alone bestow thy Tide;  
 Then shall my Honours be redeem'd again,  
 And to thy self the Glory shall remain,  
 T'ave giv'n AUGUSTA back her QUEEN again.

Grave *Thamesis* at this, thrice shook his Head,  
 And rising upwards from his Ouzy Bed,  
 Whilst his deep Streams in awful Stilness ran,  
 He to the griev'd AUGUSTA thus began,  
 Mourn not, great QUEEN of Cities, learn Content,  
 Nor thus ungratefully thy Loss relent;  
 Was it that I who fix'd thy mighty Fate,  
 And rais'd thy Nothing to be more than great?  
 How many other Towns are likewise mine,  
 Yet which of them can boast a Trade like thine?  
 What Riches, Glory, Pleasure, State, and Pride,  
 Thou ow'st the Favours of my daily Tide?

Why would'st thou then make ev'ry Bliss thy own,  
Must mighty *ANNA* live for thee alone;  
The Sun displays his Beams from Place to Place,  
And Shines on all before he ends his Race:  
So *Britain's* brighter *QUEEN* delights to move,  
And bleſs her *SUBJECTS* with delighted Love.  
Subjects to her ſhould ſtudy how to pleaſe,  
And tho' they loſe their own, conſult her Eaſe.  
Go then, retire, no more my Anger move,  
But in your ſwift Obedience ſhew her LOVE.  
She ſaid. And gliding from her Preſence went,  
And ſad *AUGUSTA* ſtrove, but could not be content.





THE  
JUBILEE  
A  
SONG.

---

By Mr. *H. H.*

---

I.



ALL ye Beaux, Virtuoso's, rich Heirs, and  
Musicians,

Away, and in Troops to the JUBILEE  
jog;

Leave Discord and Death to the College Physicians,

Let the Lusty Whore on, and the Impotent Flog;

Already ROME opens her Arms to receive ye,

And freely Transgressions her LORD will forgive ye.

II. In-

## II.

Indulgences, Pardons, and such Holy Lumber,  
As cheap now in *Rome*, as our Cabbages grown,  
With musty old Relicks of *Saints* without Number,  
For barely the looking upon to be shewn;  
These, were you an Atheist, must needs overcome ye,  
Which first were made *Martyrs*, and afterwards *Mummy*.

## III.

They'll shew you the Place so much sung by the Poets,  
And the Rock from whence *Martyrs* were knock'd on  
the Head;  
They'll shew you the Place too, nay, and some will  
avow it,  
Where once a *She-Pope* was brought fairly to Bed;  
For which, ever since, to prevent Interloping,  
In a Chair of Succession they suffer a *Groping*.

## IV.

What a Sight 'tis to see the *Gay Idol* accoutred,  
With Mitre, and Cope, and two *KEYS* by his Side?  
Be his Inside what it will, yet the form of his Outward  
Shews *Servus Servorum*, no Hater of Pride;



128 MISCELLANY POEMS.

These KEYS into Heav'n will as surely admit ye,  
As the Clerk of a Parish to a Pew in the City.

V.

What a Sight 'tis to see the *Old Man* in Procession,  
Thro' *Rome* in such Pomp as her *Cæsars* did ride ?  
Here scatt'ring of Pardons, here Crossing, there Blessing,  
With all his Spiritual Train'd-bands by his side;  
As Confessors, Cardinals, Monks fat as Bacon,  
From Rev'rend Arch-Bishop, to Rosy Arch-Deacon.

VI.

And when at *New Babylon* some Time you have been,  
And in Punks, and in Pardons, all your *Rhino* have  
spent,  
And when you have seen what is to be seen,  
You'll return not so Rich, tho' as wise as you went;  
And 'twill be but small Comfort, after all your Expence,  
That your Heirs will do the same just an Hundred Years  
hence.



SONG.



## S O N G.

COME hither ye Fools of the State,  
 Dull Souls that do nothing but Think,  
 No longer on Trifles debate,  
 Grow wise and find all Things in DRINK.

The Man that sets up for Free-thinking,  
 May miss of his Aim like an Ass;  
 But he that delights in *Deep-drinking*,  
 Finds all he can wish in his GLASS.



*In Praise of a Country LIFE. By a LADY.*

HOW very happy is the Country Swain,  
 Free from the Envy and the Pride of Court,  
 Bless'd in his little Flocks and fruitful Grain,  
 With Joy beholds his Kids and Heifers sport:  
 The heavy Ears of Corn he bending sees,  
 The cluster'd Stalks of Beans and well hung Pease,

The lussy Swathes of Hay the Scyth cuts down,  
And plenteous Crops do all his Wishe crown;  
Whilst Lambs do eccho to their bleating Ewes,  
His Fields and Orchards he with Pleasure Views;  
Where, to his Hand, the Fruit bends down its Boughs,  
As if it said, *Take all my Stock allows;*  
His lovely Cottage and his chearful Wife,  
And pratling Boys, augment his Joys of Life,  
When round their little Fire with home-brew'd Ale,  
They pass the pleasant Eve with merry Tale;  
No Plots, no Treasons, nor the Cares of State  
Disturb their Rest, or keep their Sense awake;  
Could the Ambitious Man but truly know  
What sweet Delights in Solitude do grow,  
He'd straigh retire, and with one Loving She,  
Despise the pompous Courts, and smooth-tongu'd Flattery.





# LETTER

On the Receipt of a  
Present of Cyder.

---

By Mrs. C ——— E.

---

S I R,



OUR noble Present of right *Red-Streak*,  
Which strong enough to make a CAT  
speak,  
Came Yesterday by trusty *James*, Sir,  
With Porter laden from the *Thames*, Sir,  
Five dozen Bottles! What d'ye mean, Sir?  
Why, 'tis a Present for the Queen, Sir;  
Why, you're th' most gen'rous Man alive,  
A Lawyer too! you'll never thrive;

To



132 MISCELLANY POEMS.

To send a Poet such a Gift as this,

Is like a Suit in *Forma Pauperis*.

All we can pay is empty worthless Rhymes,

And they are like false Mettle in these Times;

Tho' Time has been, when Rhymes were precious  
Things,

Poets in *Rome* were Company for KINGS;

But *Rome* and *Britain* differ in Applause,

We've no *Mecenas* here to plead our Cause;

Here MERIT starves, and WIT neglected lies,

Our Fav'rites all, except themselves, despise;

Here, each to fill the mighty Coffer aims,

To build his House much finer than his Dame's;

All he will take, but not a Penny give,

Nor value how the Poor and Tradesmen live.

Then, why to Courtiers wilt thou be so free,

Since, should'st thou want, they'll never Succour thee?

But far from me are those High Courtiers Rules,

Let sordid Souls admire th' Ambitious Fools.

I love the Muses Friends, those Gen'rous few,

Which keep the Ancient Virtuous Paths in View,

None has a juster Claim to those than You.

We tap'd the CYDER, and we drank your Health,

And wish it heartily with store of Wealth.

My Heart and Soul with grateful Ardour burn,

But Thanks is all the Poet can return.

CYDER'S to NECTAR turn'd — Or so I think it,

Then pray make haste to Town, and help to drink it.

*I am, Sir, &c.*



# THE Careless Gallant.

## I.

**L**ET us Sing and be Merry, Dance, Joke, and  
Rejoyce,  
With Claret and Hautboy, Theorbo and  
Voice;

The changeable World to our Joy is unjust,  
All Treasure's uncertain, then down with your Dust,  
In Frolicks dispose your Pounds, Shillings and Pence,  
For we shall be nothing an Hundred Years hence.

## II.

We'll Sport and be free with *Frank, Betty, and Dolly,*  
Have Lobsters and Oysters to cure Melancholly;

Fish

Fish Dinners will make a Man-skip like a Flea,  
 Dame *Venus* her self was born of the Sea,  
 With her and with *Bacchus* we'll tickle our Sense,  
 For we shall be past it an Hundred Years hence.

## III.

The beautiful Lads that has all Eyes upon her,  
 Whose Honesty sells for an Haut-gust of Honour,  
 Whose Lightness and Brightness do cast such a Splendor,  
 That none are thought fit, but the Stars to attend her,  
 Tho' now she is grateful and sweet to the Sense,  
 Will be damnable Mouldy an Hundred Years hence.

## IV.

The Userer that in the Hundred takes Twenty,  
 Who wants in his Wealth, and pines in his Plenty,  
 Lays up for a Time that he never shall see,  
 The Year of One Thousand Eight Hundred and Three,  
 Shall have chang'd all his Bags, his Houses and Rents,  
 To a Worm-eaten Coffin an Hundred Years hence.

## V.

The Chancery Lawyer who by Conscience thrives,  
 By spinning a Suit to the length of three Lives :

A Suit which his Client does wear out in Slavery,  
 Whilst the Pleader makes Conscience a Cloak for his  
 Knavery;  
 Can boast of his Cunning but in the Present Tense,  
 For *non est Inventus* an Hundred Years hence.

VI.

Then, why should we turmoil in Cares and in Fears,  
 And turn our Repose into Sighing and Tears?  
 Let us eat, drink and play, e'er the Worms do corrupt  
 us,  
 For I say that, *Post Mortem est nulla Voluptas*.  
 Let us deal with our Damsels, that we may from thence  
 Have Broods to succeed us an Hundred Years hence.

VII.

I never could find Satisfaction upon  
 Your Dreams of a Bliss when you're cold as a Stone;  
 The Sages may call us, Drunkards, Gluttons and Wen-  
 chers,  
 But we find such Morfels upon their own Trenchers;  
 Poor *Abigal*, *Hannah*, and Sister *Prudence*,  
 Will Simper to Nothing an Hundred Years hence.

VIII. The



## VIII.

The ignorant Quack, who, his Fees to enlarge,  
Kills People with License, and at their own Charge,  
Who heaps up a Mass of ill-gotten Wealth,  
From the Dregs of the Pisspot, and Ruins of Health;  
Tho' Treasures of Health he pretends to dispence,  
Shall be turn'd into Mummy an Hundred Years hence.

## IX.

The Butterfly Courtier, that Pageant of State,  
The Mousetrap of Honour, and Maygame of Fate,  
With all his Ambition, Intrigues, and his Tricks,  
Must die like a Clown, and drop into Styx,  
His Plots against Death are too slender a Fence,  
He'll be quite out of Fashion an Hundred Years hence.

## X.

The Poet himself, that so loftily Sings,  
As he scorns any Subject but Hero's and KINGS,  
Must to the Caprices of Fortune submit,  
And be counted a Fool, tho' a Master of Wit;  
Thus Beauty, Wit, Wealth, Law, Learning and Sense,  
Will all come to Nothing an Hundred Years hence.



*On a Young LADY's Playing on a LUTE.*

**S**UCH moving Sounds from such a careless Touch,  
 So little mov'd her self, and we so much;  
 What Art is this, that with so little Pains,  
 Transports us thus, and o'er our Spirits reigns?  
 The trembling Strings about her Fingers crowd,  
 And tell their Joy for ev'ry Kifs aloud;  
 Small Force there needs to make them tremble so,  
 Touch'd by that Hand, who would not tremble too?



*From a LOVER to his MISTRESS, who  
 was afraid to Marry.*

**W**HY dread you, MADAM, thus the only State,  
 Which GOD ordain'd to make his Gift complete?

Obey! a Word of Form, and nothing more,  
 There's stronger Magick in the word *Adore*;

*Worship,*

*Worship*, I mean, which is the self same thing,  
To *Worship* you, we our whole Bodies bring;  
When *Jove*, with fervent Zeal we supplicate,  
To beg a Blessing from his heav'nly Seat,  
If we obtain, then he without Dispute,  
Obeys our Call, when e'er he grants our Suit:  
For by the word *Obeys*, indeed, is meant,  
Just neither more or less — than bare Consent;  
And such Obedience we expect from you,  
Whilst we are kind, you, doubtless, will be true;  
What Tyrant can resist a *WOMAN*'s Charms,  
That knows to move, and mould him in her Arms?  
One balmy Kiss melts all his Rage away,  
And makes this Lord of all the World, *Obeys*.  
Yield then, my *CHARMER*, cast your Fears aside,  
Forget the *Virgin*, and assume the *Bride*;  
The Joys of Wedlock are so sweet, so vast,  
That Heav'n reserv'd that Cordial for the last;  
When *GOD* o'er all had made us *MEN* the Head,  
To make our Bliss complete, he bad us Wed;  
To *WOMEN* he this Benefit allows,  
Each is by Pleasure brib'd to please her Spouse;  
Yet more in their behalf, to end all Strife,  
A *MAN* forsakes his Mother for his *Wife*.



On His GRACE the  
 Duke of *Marlborough*.

By Mr. W ——— Y.

**S**WIFT as his Fame, o'er all the World he  
 flies,  
 Follow'd by *Friends*, as shun'd by *Enemy's*:  
 Tho' they who follow him, must undergo  
 Hazards as great, as meeting him his Foe;  
 His Trumpets, like the last, give Joy and Dread,  
 Give fear to Foes, and raise Friends Spirits dead;  
 But his Great HEART, which ne'er himself will spare,  
 Makes Friends no less then Enemy's to fear;  
 City's he vanquish'd in as short a Space,  
 As other Princes visit them in Peace;  
 Whose Walls and Trenches could no more ensure  
 Safety to them, than Dread in Him procure:

Whom



Whom Dangers still and Difficulteis make  
More fierce and eager in his bold Attack.

But BRITAIN'S Chief, as merciful as brave,  
Still fights to conquer, Conquers but to Save:  
Thus Ancient Hero's their just Arms imploy'd,  
To quell those Monsters which Mankind destroy'd.  
While some the Name of Demi-Gods obtain,  
By being Devils intire, destroying Men;  
He risks His Life, His Foes as Friends to save,  
The World to free, which others would enslave;  
So doubly vanquishes his Friends and Foes,  
These with his Kindness, with his Courage those.  
Great is his Justice, but his Mercy more,  
So far his Modesty transcends his Power:  
The only thing He ne'er could conquer yet,  
Which, as his Merit is more truly Great,  
Does still the better of our HERO get.  
But in the Field — where we, by Foes, are told,  
He only most presumptuously is Bold,  
Attacking of great Numbers with the Less,  
But by more Dangers to ensure Success.

Yet has his Courage, Prudence for its Rein,  
Which does his Rage victoriously restrain;  
At once himself He conquers, with his Foe,  
When Passion would his Reason overthrow;

Alike

Alike in Danger calm, as in Debate,  
Not like those fierce hot Ministers of State,  
In Council furious, as in War sedate.  
He will in War, as peaceful Contest, find  
In spite of Opposition, Peace of Mind:  
Who swift in Action, and in Conduct great,  
Can boldly charge, triumphantly retreat,  
Pursue his Foe, but fly pursuing Fame,  
Has nothing but his Modesty his Blame.

What Wonder *MARLBRO'* by these Virtues rose?  
By these the *Romans* triumph'd o'er their Foes;  
These rais'd the *Trojan* to the blest'd Abode,  
And made him first an *HERO*, then a *GOD*.  
Both were alike by Goddesses inspir'd,  
By *Venus* He, as You by *ANNA* fir'd;  
Yet with this diff'rence, each in Time shall live,  
He fought to gain an Empire — You to give.





A N

# Allusion to *Horace*,

## BOOK I. ODE XXII.

(a) **T**HE MAN that loves his KING and  
 NATION,  
 And shuns each Vile Association;  
 That trusts his honest Deeds i'th' Light,  
 Nor meets in dark Cabals, by Night,  
 With Fools, who, after much Debate,  
 Get themselves hang'd, and save the State;  
 Needs not his Hall with Weapons store,  
 Nor dreads each Rapping at his Door;

---

(a) *Integer vita, Scelerisque purus  
 Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,  
 Nec venenatis gravida Sagittis,  
 Fusce, pharetra:*

Nor

Nor skulks in fear of being known,  
Or hides his Guilt in Parson's Gown;  
Nor wants, to guard his gen'rous Heart,  
The Ponyard or the poison'd Dart;  
And, but for Ornament and Pride,  
A Sword of Lath might cross his Side.

(b) If o'er St. James's Park he stray,  
He stops not, pausing on his Way;  
Nor pulls his Hat down o'er his Face,  
Nor starts, looks back and mends his Pace;  
Or if he rambles to the Tow'rs  
He knows no Crime, and dreads no Pow'r;  
But thence returning, free as Wind,  
Smiles at the Bars he left behind.

(c) Thus, as I loiter'd t'other Day,  
Humming — O ev'ry Month was May —  
And thoughtless how my Time I squander'd,  
From Whitehall thro' the Cockpit wander'd,  
A Messenger, with furly Eye,  
View'd me quite round, and yet pass'd by.

---

(b) *Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,  
Sive facturus per inhospitalem  
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus  
Lambit Hydaspes.*

(c) *Namque me Silva lupus in Sabina  
Dum meam canto Lalagen, & ultra  
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,  
Fugit inermem.*

(d) No



(d) No Sharper-Look or rougher Mein  
 In *Scottish* Highlands e'er were seen;  
 Nor Ale and Brandy ever bred  
 More pimpled Cheeks, or Nose more red;  
 And yet with both Hands in my Breast,  
 Careless I walk'd, nor shun'd the Beast.

(e) Place me among an hundred Spies,  
 Let all the Room be Ears and Eyes;  
 Or search my Pocket-Books and Papers,  
 No Word or Line shall give me Vapours.  
 Send me to Whigs as true and hearty,  
 As ever pity'd poor M——tney;

Let T——d S——d be there,  
 Or R——n W——e in the Chair,

(f) Or send me to a Club of Tory's  
 That damn and curse at *Marlbro's* Glory's,  
 And drink — but sure none such there are! —

The Devil, the Pope, and Rebel M——r;

(d) *Quale portentum neque Militaris  
 Daunia in latis alit æsculentis:  
 Nec Jubaæ tellus generat, leonum  
 Arida nutrix.*

(e) *Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis  
 Arbor estivâ recreater aurâ  
 Quod latus mundi nebula, malusque  
 Jupiter urget:*

(f) *Pone sub curru nimium propinqui  
 Solis, in terra domibus negata:  
 Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
 Dulce loquentem.*

Yet still my Loyalty I'll boast,  
King *GEORGE* shall ever be my *TOAST*;  
Unbrib'd, his Glorious Cause I'll own,  
And fearless scorn each Traytor's Frown.



*Upon the DEATH of Dr. SMITH, Vice-Master of Trinity-College, CAMBRIDGE.*

**A**S with soft Numbers when the *Thracian* try'd  
From the cold Arms of Death to raise his Bride;  
Sooth'd by his Charms th' Infernals heard him mourn,  
And Death too smiling bid the Nymph return;  
So too could you, Great Shade, the Fates assuage,  
In gentler Notes elude their baffled Rage;  
No less Effects thy skilful Hand might have,  
And thy own Voice recal thee from the Grave;  
But thy fair Virtue does such Hopes conceive,  
That it rejects the *LIFE* thy Voice could give.



Lues Maffiliensis ;

O D E

A D

Authorem ejusdem tituli Poematis.



QUALIS Minister turbinis Angelus  
Accingit omnem numinis impetum ;  
Lapsusque de Cælo rubenti  
Vult rapidis equitare ventis.

*Ensem ille Sacrum, lethiferum, igneum*

*Nudatus orbi fata renuntiat ;*

*It vox per Auras, iſta tellus*

*Audiit, & tremuere gentes. |*

*Immane ventus concutitur Sono,  
Antris remotis Oceanus timet:  
Multumque collisis tremiscit  
Ister aquis, strepitusque Nili.*

*Te Musa tali flamine proripit,  
Per Signa rerum, facta periculis  
Et morte, moliris procellam,  
Et frueris Medius tumultu.*

*Quæ lingua grassantem expediat lui  
Non vestra Stragem? Quæ gemitus graves?  
Terramve quis bustis frequentem  
Et populi Morientis ora?*

*Fastidit omnes Oceani Moras  
Diffusa pestis. Tum Rhodanus celer  
Undare lugubri querela;  
Tum gravidi gemuisse venti.*

*Garumna sentit proximus Malum  
Deducta Gallorum arbitrio Jovis:  
Quam mallet ingratum coactis  
Oceanum viduare lymphis!*

*Quæ Scena vultus occupat horrida?  
Agnosco Mæstas Massiliæ vias:*



*En ! Mortis informes triumphi,  
En ! Pueri, Lachrymaeque Matrum !*

*Per colla parvas insinuans Manus  
Se tollit infans matris ad Oscula :  
Hæc, ora submittens, puellum  
Luminibus meditatur ægris.*

*At Sæpe, tota mente volubilis,  
Concussa inanit fila animi lues :  
Et peste Subductus, Superstes  
Non poterit fugitare Lethen.*

*Si forte rerum meus manet integra,  
Occurrit omnis rapta Sodalitas,  
Patrisque lugendi Sepulcrum,  
Et cineri Socianda Mater.*

*Divi ! Ut negetur funeribus locus !  
Totum, ecce, cedens in tumulos Solum !  
Manes amicorum parentans  
Mitte : aliam violabis urnam.*

*Tato venite huc agmine Vultures !  
Tigres venite ! Hæc bruta tuentia  
Mirenter ignoto feroces  
Posse genas maduisse fletu.*



A N  
O D E

TO THE  
E---l of *Ca---g---n*.

---

By D---n S---y.

---



HERO! sprung from Ancient Blood!  
*CADOGAN*, Valiant, Wise, and Good!  
 What Golden Lyre, what Happy Muse,  
 To sing thy Praises shall we chuse?  
 So great a Theme, so new a Song  
 To *Welsted* only does belong,  
 Like *Ovid* soft is he, like *Flaccus* strong.

## II.

Vertues, that soar so high, demand

The Touches of a Master-Hand;

Love disdain'd, on *Pindar's* Wing,

Thee and Conquest he shall sing;

To Times unborn transmit thy Praise,

On thy Lawrels graft his Bays,

And with thy Triumphs swell his polish'd Lays.

## III.

Whether thy Deeds he backwards trace,

With Atchievements past to grace

The num'rous Ode, and bring anew

Fields with Slaughter stain'd to View:

Part in *MARLBRO'* shalt thou claim,

Next to *MARLBRO'* rise in Fame;

The Strain resounds with each immortal Name.

## IV.

Whether from a nearer Theme

The tuneful Poet from his Scheme,

And court with Skill the ravish'd Ear,

The Glory's which we see, to hear;

Glory's

Glory's unrivall'd! Fit alone  
By Wit unrivall'd to be shewn,  
By Harmony inspir'd, and Numbers not his own!

V.

If glorious War his Fancy charms,  
Thy Courage and thy Skill in Arms,  
Thy brandish'd Steel, and spreading Wreath,  
Bold and sublime the Verse shall breath;  
If thy Social Life he shew,  
Soft the gent'ler Strain shall flow,  
And every Line with Truth and Friendship glow.

VI.

Oh! Thou! whom ev'n thy Foes approve,  
Whom Foreign Nations praise and love!  
Darling of the *British* Court!  
Thy Country's Boast, thy KING's Support!  
Distinguish'd Honours born to wear,  
Fav'rite of the Bright and Fair,  
The Soldiers Glory, and the Soldiers Care.

VII.

Could I boast thy vigorous Mind,  
Thy sprightly Wit and Judgment join'd;



Were all those Arts and Graces mine,  
 Which make thy finish'd Merit shine,  
     Then would I raise the sounding Strain,  
     Alarm, around, the list'ning Plain,  
 And with thy various Praise the Verse sustain.

## VIII.

I'd paint Thee then, with Matchless Art,  
 The clearest Head, the bravest Heart,  
 Boldly honest to advise,  
 Bless'd Effect of being Wise!  
     Ever prompt thy Aid to lend:  
     Swift thy Country to defend:  
 And doom'd th' Impostor's blasted Hopes to end.

## IX.

But stay, fond Muse, th' Attempt refrain;  
 The Theme ill suits thy humble Strain;  
*Welfed*, O! begin thy Song!  
 Blooming Poet, bright and young!  
     Exert thy Heav'nly Art anew,  
     In lofty Verse the Foil pursue,  
 In Verse to Glory, and *CADOGAN* due.

X.

His past and present Actions sung;  
 Let thy Lyre again be strung;  
 Let thy sweet prophetick Lays  
 Anticipate his coming Praise;  
     Place the Scene before our Eyes,  
     That wrap'd in Clouds and Darknes lyes,  
 The Scene ordain'd in distant Times to rise.

XI.

Many Years the HERO give!  
 Lov'd and happy make him live!  
 Draw him at the Helm of State,  
 As in Arms, in Council great!  
     Let the god-like Portrait shine!  
     So thou for Poets may divine,  
 Shalt share his Fame, and make his Triumphs thine.





THE  
Ode-Maker;  
A  
BURLESQUE  
On the foregoing  
ODE.



WELL! *Sm——y* since thou wilt expose  
Thy self in Verse, as well as Prose,  
And teaze thy Friends as well as Foes:  
Be patient my Advice to hear,

Rave within thy proper Sphere.

Treat not of Subjects so sublime,

In gingling, empty, dogrel Rhyme;

But

But hit thy Genius, Suit thy Muse,  
And Ballad-swelling Matter chuse;  
Chuse something whimsical and odd,  
But spare, besure, the Word of GOD.

Tell us what *Swift* is now a doing :  
Or whining Politicks, or Wooing :  
With Sentence grave, or Mirth uncommon,  
Pois'ning the Clergy, or the Women ;  
Do! prithee, flutt'ring, smatt'ring Poet,  
For thou, dear DEAN, or none must do it.  
Shew us in Sympathetick Strain,  
The Twin-Conceit of Brother-DEAN ;  
He's always Odd, and always New,  
Idle and Humourous as you.  
Is he at *Ombre*, or at Tea ?  
Writing a Pamphlet, or a Play ?  
Sneaking to *Nuttly's*, in a Chair,  
Or riding on the *Strand*, for Air ?  
Or is he lolling on his Elbow,  
Thinking what, often, *John* and *Nell* do,  
Shewing how well he can rehearse  
The nastieth Thing in cleanest Verse :  
Inventing Whims, preparing Rhymes,  
To blest the World in better Times ?

Or is he casting *Perkin's* Doom,  
And prophecying Things to come ;

When



When staunch old Tory's shall take place?

Or new Apostates yern with Grace?

When *Bolingbrooke* shall be restor'd,

And He himself ychyp'd, MY LORD?

Or is he fettling Schemes of Life?

Money be sure; be sure no Wife.

I'th' Morning fixing Water-Gruel,

Tea is damn'd dear, and will not do well.

At Noon no *Dishes*; No! a Chop,

Stol'n in by *John* from Neighb'ring Shop,

Where Dyet ready-dress'd is sold,

A Griskin hot, or Sausage cold;

And for the Night, a Crust of Bread,

And Pint of Wine, and so to Bed.

Unless, when Winds have been full East,

And Pacquets bring a Rebel-Guest,

Full fraught with News; then ev'ry Door

Being shut to Chat their Treason o'er,

And o'er again, full Bowls go round;

With sprightly Mirth and Faction crown'd,

And *John* is bid to cut; and Cut on,

'Till a whole Yard of Neck of Mutton

He into Chops dissects, to cloy

Th' admiring Family for joy.

But

But if no News-Monger appears,  
Or if Advice from adverse Stars;  
Thinly, at Home, the DEAN is fed;  
Or Visits, for his daily Bread;  
And *John* and *Nell*, with Whey-like Beer,  
Brown-Loaf and Cheese, (most hearty fare)  
Having indulg'd, may take their Ease,  
Love, Snore, or Sing, or what they please.

Something, like this, methinks, good DEAN,  
Were better than Heroick Strain.  
Or, if your Reverence had thought fit  
To shew your Scrub, half-witted Wit,  
Amongst the Sword, the Robe, and Gown,  
Who envy'd shine in *Dublin* Town,  
You might pick out, as thick as Hops,  
Poets, Punsters, Ladies, Fops,  
Tart and bright, and very dull,  
With Paunch well stuff'd, and empty Scull;  
And Sing 'em making *Bulls*, and Quaffing,  
Chawing, Blund'ring, ever Laughing.

Or, if thou art for meaner Work,  
Skim thy Thoughts away to *Cork*,  
Describe thy *Bishop* learn'd and wise,  
Lab'ring at senseless Niceties,

Inventing Sins, creating Evil,  
 And making *New Work* for the Devil;  
 Whereas the Crimes already past, are  
 More than Flesh and Blood can Master:  
 However that thy wonted Care  
 Of Mother-Church may full appear,  
 Thy Bishop at his See, disgrace  
 And drink THE MEMORY to his Face.

Tell him the *Cure of Souls*, of late,  
 Is deem'd unbred for Priests of State;  
 That, as no Roof, or sacred Wall  
 Adorns thy Parish, none e'er shall;  
 And, if thy Wish were truly known,  
 'Tis, that *Killalla Church* were down.

Or, lest thy Rhyming Vein should cool,  
 What if thy Friend Sir *Richard's* --- *Pool*  
 Thou didst describe, in Lines and Feet  
 For that queer *Nick-Nack* pat and meet,  
 Inform'd the Town, (this Freak being over)  
 He would proceed and soon discover  
 An Art, long doom'd to deep Despair,  
 And shew a *Castle in the Air*.

Instead of this, from *Pindar's* Wing,  
 Your Goose-Quill draw, make *Welfsted* Sing

Smooth and sad Verses, not his own:  
 And yet they are, for He alone  
 Was born to sing the Hero's Doom,  
 Both past, and present, and to come.

Dear Doctor, 'tis a mournful Thing,  
 If you Hold-forth just as you Sing,  
 So soft's your Song, so smooth's your Art,  
 You'll ne'er affect your Peoples Heart.

And yet, tho' Verses thick do flow,  
 From your swift Pen, as Winter's Snow,  
 You left your Work most crudely done,  
 And ended, just as you begun.

But this, Friend *Welsted* must repair,  
*Welsted!* blooming, young and Fair;  
 To his Master-Stroke, and Touch,  
 Belongs the *Barrier and the Dutch*.  
 Wou'd he had done it, or that you  
 Wou'd, like your self, your Theme pursue.  
 ----- As thus -----

*Cadogan!* sprung of old *Welsh* Blood,  
 Lustre to thy Ancient Brood!  
 Permit thy Chaplain, Poet, Friend,  
 His Mind with Verse a while t' unbend,  
 Neglecting both this Drink, and Food,  
 To sing the Man that does him good.



BRITON! bold and honest too,  
 Ev'ry Vertue is thy due;  
 Ev'ry Poet, ev'ry Bard,  
 In thy Cause shall soon be heard;  
 And when I my Lines have done,  
*Welfsted* next shall scribble on.  
 In the mean while pray, Sir, peruse  
 The following Efforts of my Muse.

How! uniform thy Toil and Care,  
 For GEORGE and BRITAIN's Welfare are!  
 Postponing Interest, Ease and Blood,  
 For ev'ry thing of Publick Good.

Free from the false and petty Jars  
 Of *Juncto-Tricks* and *Closet-Wars*,  
 Bold and daring to advise,  
 (The best Effect of being Wise)  
 But honest also, not to give  
 Advice, unfit for to receive.

Go on, Great Sir, and don't bestow  
 Your Favours on a flatter'ing Foe;  
 Nor treat Mankind with unbred Mein,  
 With sawcy, awkward, sower Disdain.

Your

Your happy Clients still attend  
The Patron, Gentleman, and Friend.

But stop, my Muse, and curb thy Reins,  
Check thy fond and well-meant Strains;  
What the Patron likes (I fear)  
The Criticks Censure cannot spare.

Begin then, *Welfed*, bright and young,  
Correct's thy Speech, and sweet thy Tongue,  
Born! to celebrate his Praise,  
Who's born the Subject of thy Lays.

Thus, whilst *Virgil*, *Horace* write  
*Mæcenat* is the World's Delight;

When thou'st spun thy tuneful Verse,  
The past and present to rehearse;  
Let thy strong prophetick Rhymes  
Foretell th' Eclat of future Times,  
Give the Hero many Years,  
Prosperous Peace, successful Wars,  
Paint him at the Helm of State,  
Telling Foreign Powers their Fate;  
Consulting BRITAIN'S Quiet and Ease  
Thro' all the Civil-Arts of Peace:

And

And sometimes, for his Country's Good,  
Working thro' a Sea of Blood;  
And when this is said, and more,  
And Praises rattled o'er and o'er;  
Give the Earl at once his Due,  
Tell the World *it is most True*,  
That he his Life did ever guide,  
*By sticking to one honest Side*;  
And, unto Death, there's no one Art,  
Him and his Cause shall ever part:  
That he t' advise the KING is fit,  
Has Judgment, and is blest with Wit:  
And in short, when *Marlbro'* dies,  
And Fate has clos'd those glorious Eyes,  
There's no one Subject in this Land  
Fit the Army to Command,  
But *Cadogan*-----And for Rhyme,  
Good-by, smart Poet, 'till next Time.





THE  
Curious Maid:  
A  
T A L E.

---

*Obstupuit, Steteruntque Comæ.*

---



BEAUTY's a gaudy Sign, no more,  
To tempt the Gazer to the Door;  
Within the Entertainment lyes,  
Far off remov'd from vulgar Eyes.

Thus *Chloe*, beautiful and gay,  
As on her Bed the *Wanton* lay,  
Hardly awake from dreaming o'er  
Her Conquests of the Day before;

And



164 MISCELLANY POEMS.

And what's this *hidden Charm*? (she cry'd)  
 And spurn'd th' embracing Cloaths aside,  
 From Limbs of such a Shape, and Hue  
 As *Titian's* Pencil never drew;  
 Resolv'd the dark Abode to trace  
 Of *Female Honour*, or *Disgrace*,  
 Where Vertue finds her Task too hard,  
 And often Slumbers on the Guard.

Th' Attempt she makes, and buckles to  
 With all her Might; but 'twould not do:  
 Still, as she bent, the Part requir'd,  
 As Conscious of its Shame, retir'd.

" What's to be done? We're all aground!  
 " Some other Method must be found ———  
 " Water *Narcissu's* Face could show,  
 " And why not *Chloe's* Charms below?  
 Big with this Project, she applies  
 The *Jordan* to her Virgin-Thighs,  
 But the *dull Lake* her Wish denies.

" What Luck is here? We're foil'd again!  
 " *The Devil's in the Dice*, that's plain!  
 No *Chymist* e'er was so perplex'd;  
 No *jilted Coxcomb* half so vex'd;  
 No *Bard*, whose gentler Muse excels,  
 At *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, or *Epsom-Wells*,

Ordain'd,

Ordain'd, by *Phæbu's* special Grace,  
To sing the Beauty's of the Place,  
E'er pomp'd and chaf'd to that Degree,  
To tagg his Fav'rite Simile.

Thus Folks are often at a Stand,  
When Remedy's are near at Hand!  
For, lo! the Glas ——— ay, that, indeed!  
“ 'Tis ten to one, we now succeed!  
To this Relief she flies amain,  
And straddles o'er the shining Plain;  
The Shining Plain reflects at large  
All *Damon's* Wish, and *Chloe's* Charge:  
The CURIOUS MAID, in deep Surprise,  
On the grim Feature, fix'd her Eyes:  
Far less amaz'd *Æneas* stood,  
When by *Avernus* sacred Flood,  
He saw *Hell's* Portal fring'd with Wood.

“ And is this all, is this, (she cry'd)  
“ MAN's great Desire, and WOMAN's Pride,  
“ The Spring whence flows the Lover's Pain,  
“ The Ocean where 'tis lost again,  
“ By Fate for ever doom'd to prove,  
“ The Nursery, and Grave of Love?  
“ O Thou, of dire and horrid Mien,  
“ And always better Felt than Seen!

" Fit Rapture of the gloomy Night,  
 " O never more approach the Light!  
 " Like other *Myſſ'ries*, *Men* adore,  
 " *Be hid, to be rever'd the more!*



*The* TIRE-WOMAN.

**K**nowledge, to Ages past conceal'd,  
 Is now by Female-Craft reveal'd.  
 This Artist, by the Tossing up  
 The Grounds of Coffee in a Cup,  
 Foretels the coming of Sweethearts,  
 Whether they're Rich, or Men of Parts;  
 Describes 'em in each proper Feature,  
 Their true Complexion, Form and Stature;  
 I'th' twinkling of an Eye discovers,  
 If real, or pretended Lovers;  
 Determines the Decrees of Fate;  
 The Loss of Friends to get Estate:  
 Query's and Doubts does satisfy,  
 Whether the Sick will live or dye;  
 How long a Virgin you'll remain,  
 And Sigh whole Days and Nights in vain;  
 If you shall ever wed or not,  
 How many Times 'twill be your Lot;

If bury one you cannot Love,  
 Or marry him you best approve;  
 If Children to your Share shall fall,  
 Or Boys, or Girls, or none at all;  
 If you'll be fortunate at Play,  
 Which is a bad or lucky Day;  
 All which resolves you in a Trice;  
 And in most Cases gives Advice:  
 Interprets Dreams so nicely well,  
*Astemidorus* does excel.  
 These, and more wond'rous Things can do,  
 Than Old Astrologers e'er knew;  
 But Woman's Faith alone must think 'em true.







ON THE  
*Scripture-Painting,*  
 IN THE  
 ESCURIAL  
 IN  
 SPAIN.



OW lovely Sacred Portraiture appears  
 What Heav'nly Charms the bright Delusion  
 wears!

Lo, unveil'd Glory's blaze, to Sense con-  
 fest,

Their dazzling Forms in Shape and Colours drest!  
 Seraphs around in Saphire Shades are spread,  
 And Sky-dipt Pencils the rich Purple shed.

Scene

Scene after Scene my ravish'd Eyes pursue ;  
One scarce enjoy'd, another tempts my View.  
Here Clouds in Streams of Gold are taught to flow :  
See PAUL entranc'd, in Beamy Raptures glow.  
There, on fresh Flowers repos'd pale Martyrs lain ;  
Yet new to Bliss, and languishing with Pain :  
Soft Cherubs healing Air, and Harps apply ;  
And circling Triumphs crowd the pitying Sky.

Beneath, on Earth, behold an humble Scene,  
The meek MESSIAH, with his Pilgrim Train :  
Disease, retiring, owns his dread Command,  
And Health, and Light flow from the potent Hand.

There Mystick Nuptials serious Mirth allow ;  
Ambitious Chaplets wreath his awful Brow.  
Angels in silent Streams strange Nectar pour,  
And unseen Clusters yield a purple Show'r :  
The wond'ring Guests perceive th' inspiring Juice ;  
And sparkling Cups Cælestial Joys infuse.

The Funerals past, here they despair of Aid ;  
While Mourning Loves his tardy Steps upbraid :  
But see, he comes ! See from the yawning Tomb,  
The rising Youth, like new-born Lillies, bloom !  
The frighted Sisters shake with pleasing Dread ;  
And tender Shrieks salute the wak'ning Dead,

What smiling Graces my blest Eyes invade!  
Hail, bright M A R I A! Hail Cælestial Shade!  
Here Virgin-Innocence, and Love Divine,  
Mixt in one Face, in sweet Confusion shine:  
And softly varying blend, in doubtful Red,  
The tender Mother with the blushing Maid;  
Such glorious Forms the guilty Temples stain,  
And Crowds, adoring, lift their Hands in vain.

Thus Ancient Greece presum'd, with flatt'ring Skill  
*Minerva's* awful Beauty's to reveal;  
Into the Mansions of the G O D S to pry,  
And paint the Pow'rs conceal'd within the Sky.  
Bold *Plato* thus his shadowy Science taught;  
And *Athens* prais'd the New, Harmonious Thought.

Vain Thefts of Human Art! No Paint can shew,  
No Words can figure what no Mortals know.  
Poorly our faint Idea's all combine  
To form an Image of the Pow'r Divine:  
He only his own Likeness can express  
And Radiant Image in full Glory Drefs;  
New-mold the Clay, and with his Finger trace  
His bright Resemblance on the stubborn Mass;  
Those Heav'nly Colours on the Mind revive,  
Inform the Heart, and teach the Soul to live.



S O N G.

**A**S *Damon* late, with *Chloe* sat,  
 They talk'd of Am'rous Bliss'es,  
 Kind Things he said, which she repaid  
 In pleasing Smiles and Kiss'es;  
 With tuneful Tongue, of Love, he sung,  
 She thank'd him for his Ditty,  
 But said, one Day she heard him say,  
 The Flute was wond'rous pretty.

II.

Young *Damon*, who her Meaning knew,  
 Took out his P I P E to Charm her,  
 And whilst he strove with wanton Love,  
 And sprightly Airs to warm her,  
 She beg'd the Swain to play one Strain  
 In all the softest Measure,  
 Whose killing Sound, would surely wound,  
 And make her dye with Pleasure.



## III.

Eager to do't, he took his FLUTE,

And every Accent traces,

Love trickling thro' his Fingers blew,

And whisper'd melting Graces;

He did his Part with wond'rous Art,

Expecting Praises after;

But she, instead of falling Dead,

Burst out into a Laughter.

## IV.

Taking the Hint, as *Chloe* meant,

Said he, my Dear, be easy,

I have a FLUTE, which, tho' 'tis mute,

May play a Tune to please you;

Then down he laid, the loving Maid,

He found her kind and willing,

He play'd again, and tho' each Strain

Was silent, yet 'twas killing.

## V.

Fair *Chloe* soon approv'd his Tune,

And vow'd he play'd divinely;

Let's take it o'er, says she, once more,  
 It goes exceeding finely;  
 The Flute is Good, that's made of Wood,  
 And is, I own, the Neatest,  
 But ne'ertheless, I must confess,  
 The silent FLUTE's the Sweetest.



S O N G.

**F**Arewel, dear Tyrant of my Soul,  
 The Fates resolve we now must part;  
 The Fates admit of no Controul,  
 But are relentless as your Heart.

II.

Why did the GODS such Charms bestow  
 On such a false and cruel Mind?  
 Why send such Beauty here below,  
 To Ruin me and all Mankind?

III.

Where e'er you move, whole Crowds fall down,  
 Proud to be trampled on by Thee;

The mighty'st KINGS resign their Crowns,  
And Commonwealths their Liberty.

## IV.

Should'st thou o'er *Gallia* make a Tour,  
Where slavish Subjects breathe with Awe;  
The Grand Monarch would own thy Pow'r,  
And strait repeal the *Salique Law*.

## V.

Nay, the grave *Hollander* himself,  
Tho ne'er so Frugal, Chaste and Old,  
Would soon forsake his Darling, Pelf,  
And worship Thee instead of Gold.

## VI.

But where, by Rapture, am I hurld?  
All things confess your haughty Reign;  
While thus you lead the Captive World  
In one Great Universal Chain.

LETTER



# LETTER

FROM

Mrs. C-----e, to Mr. Foy,

Deputy-Governour of the

## SOUTH-SEA.



H, *FOR!* thy Name I never knew,  
At least, these twice four Years and two;  
Nor ever must expect to know,  
Unless thy Bounty, Joys bestow.

Soon after Spouse and I were chain'd,  
At Helm the *Tory*-Party reign'd,  
The QUEEN I lov'd, but hated those,  
Who prov'd themselves my Country's Foes;



Vex'd to see what Corporal JOHN  
 Was Nine Years doing, all undone;  
 And those that trembled at his Name,  
 On Cockhorse mounted up again;  
 I now and then, to ease my Spleen,  
 Lash'd these Misleaders of the Q——N;  
 Still proving by my frequent Rhymes,  
 I durst be Good in Worst of Times;  
 To GEORGE of WALES I dedicated,  
 Tho' then at Court I knew him hated.  
*Dick Steele* was then in Reputation,  
 With all true Lovers of my Nation:  
 Yet spight of *Steel's* Advice I did it;  
 Nay, tho' my Husband's Place forbid it;  
 For he these Forty Years has been  
 The Servant of a KING or QUEEN:  
 Nor will I here the Truth dissemble,  
 This Action made his Post to tremble;  
 And he had surely been turn'd out,  
 Had not good Fortune wheel'd about.

This made Spouse stare like any Spectre,  
 And as he was my Head ——— to Hector.

Madam, said he, with surly Air,  
 You've manag'd finely this Affair;  
 Pox take your Schemes, your Wit and Plays,  
 I'm bound to curse 'em all my Days:

If out, I'm by your Scribbling turn'd,  
I wish your Plays and you were burn'd.

That I believe, my Dear, quoth I;  
But if one ——— you know who, should die,  
And BRUNSWICK o'er these *Jacks* prevail  
You'd tell me then another Tale:  
When all the *Whigs* in Post you see,  
You'll thank, instead of chiding me.  
These Words he ponder'd in his Mind,  
And hop'd the Benefit to find;  
For Hope you know's the only Cure,  
For many Ills that Men endure:  
Hope is the Bliss that never cloy,  
I trust my Hope will end in Joys.  
But why digress I from my Story,  
Which I'm about to lay before you?  
*Anna* resign'd, and BRUNSWICK came,  
And yet my Lot is still the same.  
When uppermost our Patriots ride,  
They want no Scribblers on their Side:  
Their Actions are so Just and Right,  
They need no Props to keep 'em tight.  
Not so, when *Tories* bore the Sway,  
They keep their Herd in constant Pay;  
And dreaming still on Revolutions,  
They still deal out their Contributions:

By this we see the HIGH-CHURCH PARTY,  
Are constant to their Friends and Hearty.

By them I've oft been thus derided:  
Yet, Madam, are you unprovided?  
You, who stickled late and early,  
Against the wicked Schemes of *H*——y;  
And clearly prov'd by Dint of Reason,  
To name the *Chevalier* was Treason;  
Why, Faith, I think it very hard,  
So brave a *Whig* is not prefer'd.  
One might have thought this Golden Age,  
You'd left off Writing for the Stage;  
And from *South-Sea* got Gold —— true *Sterling*,  
Enough to keep your Coach, or *Berlin*.  
Some Female Wits of *Tory* Strain,  
Have nick'd your Friends, and reap'd the Gain.  
And can you see the ill-judg'd Prize,  
Bestow'd on Creatures you despise?  
But *Whigs* in Place have still been known  
To help all Parties but their own:  
To *Charles* the Second's Maxim kind,  
Advance your Foes, your Friends ne'er mind;  
For whether you do well or ill,  
Your Friends, you know, will be —— Friends still.

This

This I by sad Experience knew,  
And wish'd they had not spoke so true;  
But hope that Maxim's chang'd with you.  
Since it is greatly in your Power,  
Pray Heav'n, I've chose a lucky Hour,  
To make my first Petition known,  
And beg you'd make my Case your own;  
For sure a harder Case did ne'er  
In humble Verse approach your Ear.

With most it is a dull Vacation,  
Since our Great Monarch left the Nation.  
That, good Sir, you have heard, I trow,  
But, ah! with me, 'tis doubly so:  
Not that I want for wholesome Diet,  
Bread, and my Muse, with Peace and Quiet:  
I would prefer, were I to chuse,  
To *South-Sea Stock* ——— without my Muse:  
But, oh! my Spouse who understands  
Nought to be good, but Bills and Bonds,  
The ready Cash, or fruitful Lands,  
Begins new Quarrels every Day,  
And frights my dear-lov'd Muse away:  
Both Day and Night I know no Ease,  
Accosted still with Words like these.

Duce take your Scribbling Vein, quoth he,  
What did it ever get for me?



Two Years you take a Play to write,  
And I scarce get my Coffee by't;  
Such swinging Bills are still to pay,  
For Sugar, Chocolate, and Tea,  
I shall be forc'd to run away.  
You made me hope the Lord knows what,  
When *Whigs* should rule, of This, and That;  
But from your boasted Friends I see  
Small Benefit accrues to me:  
I hold my Place, indeed, 'tis true,  
But I well hop'd to rise by You.  
What have I got by all your Sense?  
I'd better had a Fool with Pence.  
Say! Can you now in Time of Need,  
On Epigrams, or Sonnets feed?  
Will, when you've taught two Lines to chink,  
The simple Gingle serve for Drink?  
Go, read, admire your ancient Sages,  
And turn o'er all their musty Pages,  
And see how Fat you'll grow from these,  
Now I'm entitled to no Fees!  
Nor can my Wages feed your Mouth,  
That's sunk into the *Sea of South*;  
Nor do I any Mortal ken,  
That knows when it will rise agen.  
Now, if you've either Wit or Diction,  
Assist me in this grand Affliction;

Some Ruler of *South-Sea* implore,  
Or see my injur'd Face no more.

What would you have me do, I cry'd?  
Beg a *Subscription*, he reply'd.  
Why may not you as well succeed,  
As if you liv'd beyond the *Tweed*?  
Your Brother Bards, you see, have don't,  
May'nt *J O R* as generous be as *Blount*?  
Methinks there's something in his Name,  
That does a god-like Soul proclaim;  
For Heav'n it self is full of Joys,  
Or all the Tribe of *Levityes*.

Well, grant his Nature like his Name,  
Would give Relief to all your Pain!  
In this Subscription none must share,  
But those who've Stock already there:  
Then can you, Husband, hope for any  
Who have not in *South-Sea*, one Penny?

Quoth he, you like a *W O M A N*, chat,  
And talk of Things you know not what;  
Sure you forget your Gospel-Book,  
But if in it you'll please to look,  
You'll find that in the Vineyard Ground,  
Those who the Day had labour'd round,

182 MISCELLANY POEMS.

With those that at the Noon-tide came,  
 At Night receiv'd the very fame.  
*South-Sea* is meant a Publick Good,  
 (Or so we'd have it understood)  
 Then where's the Good, if none must share,  
 But such as are grown Wealthy there?  
 Must only then the Rich engross,  
 The Publick Wealth to Publick Loss?  
 They cannot sure be so uncivil,  
 Monopolizing ——— is the Devil.  
 For as the wise Lord *Bacon* said,  
 Wealth's but a Dunghil till 'tis spread,  
 But when the gen'rous Donor's Hand  
 Scatters it up and down the Land,  
 He, like the Sun, does Life restore  
 To such as were half dead before.  
 True, I no Liberty can boast,  
 Or claim Subscription by my Post;  
 Yet serve the KING as well as They,  
 Who lave the *South-Sea* ev'ry Day.  
 'Tis fit they first my Betters serve,  
 But most unfit that I should starve;  
 Forbid it, Heav'n ——— to Joy apply,  
 Come, Write, I say, ——— thy Fortune try;  
 At worst he only can deny.  
 From Gen'rous FELLOWS all Obtain,  
 And KNIGHT was never ask'd in Vain:

Think

Think you his Soul, In such Affairs,  
To whom you sue, less great than theirs?

Come, Girl, to animate thy Pen,  
I vow to be the best of MEN;  
If you prevail, I'll henceforth prove  
As faithful as a Turtle-Dove;  
Never hereafter will offend,  
With either Male or Female Friend:  
Write you to whom, or what you will,  
Faith, I shall construe nothing Ill;  
Dress as you please, in Silk or Sattin,  
Wear Tissue-Clog, or Velvet-Pattin;  
In this, if you advance my State,  
I'll be your constant Loving Mate.

He said! and saying, kiss'd me twice,  
Then I resolv'd on't in a trice.  
For, ah! what She, when promis'd so,  
Would not do all that she could do?  
At this, or t'other, never Stumble,  
To make her Husband Kind — and Humble:  
Strait to my Desk I hied me then,  
Folded my Paper, — made my Pen;  
The first I ever made, I vow;  
Grant it may prove but Lucky now;



And that my Muse so well may plead,  
My Cause may please you, when you read,  
For if you're pleas'd, I must succeed.  
Then round the World I'll sing thy Fame,  
And tell the Age to come thy Name.  
FOR shall resound from ev'ry Tongue,  
And *South-Sea* be, like *Tagus*, sung.





T A L E:  
Shewing how the  
M O O N  
Was made of a Green-Cheese.

**T**HAT God sometimes, incognito  
Convers'd with Mortals long ago,  
(As by my *Grandame* I am told,  
The KING and COLEB did of old)

Is what I rather will suppose  
Than prove; since Logick is but Prose.

Believe ye, therefore, That, one Night,  
E'er Moon was made to give us Light —

Before

Before the Moon was made!----- That's pleasant;

Some forward Critick crys. At present,

I beg your Leave, Sir, to go on:

You shall be satisfy'd anon.

Well! ----- *Jove*, it seems, had now Patrol'd

All Day; and Hungry, Wet and Cold,

In such an Ancient Night was trudging,

To find some House, and ask for Lodging.

At length a Mastiff-Dog he heard,

Rending his Throat in Farmer's Yard.

His God-ship, long 'twixt Hope and Fear,

At last took Courage, and drew near:

When strait the Dog (whether by Smell,

These Animals a God can tell,

Who knows) however fawn'd upon him;

And wag'd his Tail, as if he'd known him.

Thus Pious Elephants we see,

Adore the Host, with bended Knee;

And Carriers Horses view, with Dread

The Devil driving without Head.

By which Examples we may ken,

Some Beasts are as devout as Men.

The Farmer now came to the Door,

(An honest civil Man, tho' Poor)

And kindly ask'd him his Request,

*Jove* told his Case, and spoke his best:

Had *Hermes* at his Elbow stood,  
Perhaps his Speech might have been good:  
But, setting That, at once, aside,  
*Jove* spoke; and *Dobson* thus reply'd.

"Why, truly, Friend, I have had Warning,

"I mis'd my Cocks and Hens, this Morning;

"Within my Barn four Gypsy's lay

"Last Night, and stole them all away.

"But it were hard to judge (I trow)

"That all are bad 'cause some are so.

"So pray walk in. ——— He set a Chair;

Beg'd Pardon for his homely Fair;

Such Fare no God had ever seen,

The Remnant of a *Cheese*, call'd *Green*.

Then, the good Man a Faggot lighted,

To cheer the Stranger, thus benighted;

And bid him dry his dropping Cloaths,

And warm his Feet, and toast his Nose.

*Jove*, tho' he lik'd not much his Food,

Was hungry; and the Will was good:

So, he e'en fell on without sparing,

And stroak'd poor *Tray*, and gave him Paring.

They talk'd of Harvests, and of Rain,

The Gypsy's Tale was told again.

And then the Guest to please his Host,

Call'd to my Landlord for a Toast;

"Your



" Your Daughters; come, they must be pretty,  
 And then he laugh'd; and then grew witty:  
 All which We, out of Modesty,  
 For fear of Spoiling will pass by;  
 But could I sing with *Pindar's* Vein,  
 Or *Lyrick D'Urfey's* loftier Strain,  
 The Farmers Ale would claim a Song,  
 As smooth as Oyl, as Brandy strong.

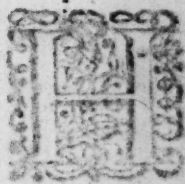
Now, *Jove*, to Bed he e'en may go,  
 And dream of any, you know who;  
 The good Man's Daughter, if he please,  
 Or lye awake and curse the Fleas:  
 For spight of Fate, where Poultry come,  
 These Vermin will be troublesome.

Next Morn, came *Dobson*, e'er 'twas Light,  
 I hope you rested well last Night.  
*Jove* yawn'd, and thank'd him, you may think,  
 Altho' he never slept a Wink;  
 Then, thus went on; Know, honest Man,  
 " 'Tis *Jupiter*, you entertain,  
 " Who will your Services reward,  
 " By Miracle, as yet unheard;  
 " First then, your C H E E S E shall upwards rise,  
 " And gain a Station in the Skies,  
 " Where, shining with amazing Light,  
 " It Travellers shall guide by Night;

And

" And when it shall with few Nights wearing,  
 " Be shorn out to the very *Paring*,  
 " It shall again, by just Degrees,  
 " Increafe, till it be grown FULL CHEESE.  
 " Besides, as a peculiar Grace,  
 " You in your CHEESE shall have a Place;  
 " And, on your Back, a Bush shall bear,  
 " The Fasces of your Empire there;  
 " Lastly, shall *Tray*, your trusty Friend,  
 " Be your Companion to the End;  
 " Of Dogs Terrestrial, Sovereign Lord,  
 " By solemn Midnight Bark ador'd.

Now, how they got up to the Skies —  
 But there they be; — Let that suffice.  
 Hence, with true Jest, 'tis often said,  
 The MOON of a GREEN-CHEESE is made:  
 Tho', the craz'd Scholar, in that Round,  
 A WORLD inhabited has found,  
 And gravely fancies, that he sees  
 Mountains, Seas, Rivers in a CHEESE.





THE  
Leaky Vessel:

A  
T A L E.

---

*Vieta est non ægré proditiōe sua.* Ovid.

---



IRCO, an old, but am'rous Blade,  
Had sometime kept a pretty Maid,  
Whom to Debauch he oft had try'd,  
But had as often been deny'd :

Fair Promises at first were us'd,  
But these with Scorn the Girl refus'd;  
Nor could his Coin prevail upon her,  
To sell her Love, or wound her Honour;

Old *Hirco* thought he ne'er should do't,  
And so gave o'er the vain Pursuit.

*HIRCO* had all his Life been one,  
They call a boon Companion;  
And in his House had always Liquor  
To entertain the Squire or Vicar,  
From bottled Ale to good *French* Claret,  
And Stout so stale, no Head could bear it;  
Man's greatest Sin he often said,  
Was sneaking soberly to Bed;  
Believ'd that parting dry Lips was,  
Of *Sodom's* Fire the fatal Cause;  
Hell's Torments he did really think,  
Not scorching Flames, but want of Drink;  
He made it plain from sacred Writ,  
That Wine was for the Stomach fit;  
And therefore he, for Conscience sake,  
A hearty Dose would often take.  
But when inflam'd with gen'rous Liquor,  
His Pulse beat high, and Blood mov'd quicker;  
Then Fancy brought into his Arms,  
His Wenck dress'd up in all her Charms;  
Her ruddy Cheeks, her well-turn'd Nose,  
Her little Mouth, her Eyes like Sloes;  
Her less'ning Shape, her swelling Bubbies,  
Her Lilly Hand, and Lips of Rubies;



A thousand Beauties yet unseen,  
 That might have tempted Saints to Sin;  
 Made *Hirco* with he durst renew,  
 Th' Attack he once had made on *Sue*;  
 What pity 'tis, he often said,  
 So sweet a Wench should die a Maid;  
 That *Suke* should (and who could tell,  
 But that she might) lead Apes in Hell:  
 But *Sue* most bravely had withstood  
 His first Attacks, and call'd him lewd  
 And filthy Beast, and often swore,  
 She would not stay a Moment more;  
 For all his Gold beneath his Roof,  
 If e'er he talk'd his foolish Stuff.  
 Aw'd by her Threats old *Hirco* strove,  
 To banish his ill-fated Love.

It happen'd on a certain Night,  
 That *Hirco* did some Friends invite;  
 About the Time when o'er the Nation,  
 Roast Beef and Mince Pies were in Fashion.  
 The spark'ling Glafs went briskly round,  
 Each Toper bravely stood his Ground;  
 And swore he wifh'd that Heaven's Thunder,  
 Would strike him dead, if he knock'd under:  
 The godly P--rf-n, who was there,  
 Said *Amen* to the hearty Prayer.

T' expel the rawness of the Beer,  
And keep from Flegms their Stomachs clear;  
Each made a Chimney of his Nose,  
And clouds of Smoke around them rose,  
The Smoke the upper Regions gain'd,  
And round the Brain the Cloud remain'd.

But now 'twas late, the watchful Cock,  
Had long since crow'd it Twelve a Clock.  
And each Man thought, tho' none had Grace  
To own it, Bed the proper'st Place,  
Here one extended on the Floor,  
In Liquor swam, yet call'd for more;  
A second swallow'd whilst he cou'd,  
But at the last, went out and spu'd;  
Another roar'd and hoop'd aloud,  
A fourth reel'd round the Room, and vow'd,  
In spite of *Hirco's* old *October*,  
G--d da da d--mn him he was sober,  
Most of the rest to Sleep began,  
Amongst 'em there was scarce a Man  
Had Strength, but *Hirco* and the P--rf--n,  
Their Stools upright to set their Arse on.  
With Grief the Master of the Feast,  
Beheld the State of ev'ry Guest;  
He wish'd he could with all his Heart,  
New Vigour to 'em all impart;

My Friends, said he, come let's chear up,  
 And briskly take the other Cup;  
 A Plague, what makes you all so dull?  
 I han't got half my Belly full;  
 Rouse up for Shame, my jolly Boys,  
 Be merry, sing, and make a noise;  
 I've in my Cellar now a Tub,  
 Believe me, Friends, of charming Bub;  
 To keep it longer would be Folly,  
 I'll pierce it now and we'll be Jolly;  
 He said, and rising on his Legs,  
 Takes up a Piercer, cuts some Pegs,  
 Seizes a Tankard, thus equipt,  
 Down Stairs into the Cellar slipt.

But *Hirco's* Maid, 'twixt Hope and Fear,  
 Her Master's last Discourse did hear.  
 For tho' she kept her Body chaste,  
 And Love unlawful would not taste,  
 Yet the poor Girl was often dry,  
 And lov'd good Liquor by the by;  
 And when old *Hirco* was without,  
 She'd to the Tub, pull Vent-Pin out;  
 And with a Straw the drunken Gypsy,  
 Would sometimes suck, 'till she was Tipsey;  
 And, as she never chose the worst,  
 This Tub had often quench'd her Thirst.

But now she found the Time was come,  
 T' acquit her, or pronounce her Doom:  
 Her Master now must miss his Drink,  
 Or else, to Morrow, he would think,  
 His Crew had, what was missing, drank,  
 And ne'er mistrust his *Sukey's* Prank:  
 Not dreaming, that by frequent Vent,  
 The Spirit of the Beer was spent;  
 And that 'twould be but poor and flat,  
 But she poor Soul ne'er thought of that.

Mean while the busy honest Drunkard,  
 Had with it fill'd a swinging Tankard;  
 And from the Cellar making haste,  
 Return'd to give his Friends a Taste.  
 By Right Divine, the learned Afs,  
 Must on the Ale his Judgment pass;  
 He drank a Bumper, cry'd, a Pox,  
 This cursed Beer e'nt Orthodox;  
 Took t'other Glafs and shook his Head,  
 O fye, said he, 'tis flat and dead.  
 As *Hirco's* Faith was very little,  
 He never could believe each tittle;  
 Not ev'n of what was given out,  
 To be Damnation, but to Doubt;  
 Much less he credited a Tale,  
 Which so disgrac'd his choicest Ale.



On Sanctity he cast a Frown,  
 Then fill'd a Glass and soak'd it down,  
 But how bewilder'd did he look,  
 To find that *Roger Truth* had spoke;  
 He fretted, rav'd, the Compass swore,  
 And curs'd 'till he could Curse no more.  
 The P--rf--n crys, why here's a Clatter,  
 Will Swearing, pray now, mend the Matter?  
 The Beer I do believe well brew'd,  
 The Fault's the Vessel where it stood;  
 Or else the Bung-hole is in Fault,  
 By not being stop't up as it ought.  
 Cry'd *Hirco* I am either blind,  
 Or in a Moment's Time I'll find,  
 The fatal Cause of this Disaster.  
*Sukey* went down to light her Master;  
 But, L--d! how silly did she look!  
 Like Aspen Leaves each Member shook,  
 And she was in such Piteous Fright,  
 She scarce had Pow'r to hold the Light.

Mean while the Don b' his Nuckle found,  
 The Barrel gave an empty sound;  
 Surpriz'd, he crys, I am undone,  
 Good God! Why, half my Beer is gone.  
 The P--rf--n from above reply'd,  
 Look under, and on ev'ry side;

I'll hold a Crown, if you but seek,  
About the Tub you'll find a Leak.  
Whilst thus the crafty P--rf--n said,  
*Hirco* by chance look'd on his Maid:  
Disorder'd and confus'd she stood,  
Her Cheeks were red with flushing Blood,  
And from her Master, quick she turn'd.  
Cry'd *Hirco*, *Sukey*, I'll be burn'd,  
If you han't someway been the Ruin,  
Of this, my last *October* Brewing;  
She trembling, on her Knees did fall;  
Begg'd his Pardon, and told him all.  
Said he, this Tale will make my Friends,  
For want of Liquor, some amends;  
'Twill make 'em Merry, I dare swear;  
For G--d's sake, Sir, said she, forbear;  
Lord! is there no way to attone,  
For such a Fault? There is but one  
That can I think of, he reply'd,  
I've often ask'd and you deny'd  
A little Favour, if you'll grant it,  
(And now I really think I want it)  
I'll hold my Tongue; if you refuse,  
I'll up, and out the Story goes.  
She paus'd, she blush'd, she cry'd, but knew,  
Not either what to say, or do.

Mean while, of Kissing he'd his fill,  
 Nor could he keep his Fingers still,  
 One Hand upon her Bosom lay,  
 Whil'st t'other took a different Way,  
 Then on a Faggot Pile, he laid,  
 The tender, yielding, lovely Maid;  
 The Wench was buxom, plump, and sappy,  
 And fit to make a Lover happy.

Whilst they in am'rous Transports lay,  
 The P--rf--n wonder'd at their stay!  
 And ask'd 'em what they were about.  
 Cry'd *Hirco*, Z---ds, the Leak's found out,  
 Thro' which my Nectar daily flows,  
 Be sure, said Roger, stop it close,  
 I'll try, said he, but, on my Soul,  
 It is a devilish swinging Hole.





I N

# Imitation of Gallus,

ELEGY I.

*Æmula, cur cessas finem properare, Senectus?*

---

By a Person of Quality.

---

**M**OVE faster L I F E, thou tiresome Guest,  
 away,  
 Why in this ruin'd Cottage wouldst thou  
 stay?

What Wretch, so fond of thee, can bear the Pain  
 Of Life, when nothing but its Dregs remain;  
 My feeble Limbs are with the Load oppress'd,  
 And D E A T H, kind D E A T H alone! can give 'em Rest.



While youthful Blood the well-fill'd Channels fed,  
And o'er each Part a sprightly Vigour spread,  
Wholly resign'd to Nature's boundless Sway,  
I follow'd still where Pleasure led the Way.  
Roving from Thought to Thought with fresh Delight,  
Love rul'd the Day, and am'rous Dreams the Night.  
With Beauty's various Forms my Breast was fir'd,  
The more I tasted, still the more desir'd.

The well-shap'd slender Nymph did Passion move,  
By Nature fram'd for active Scenes of Love.  
If Plump, she charm'd me with a comely Face,  
And fleshy softness fill'd our sweet Embrace.

Majestick Stature, with a nervous Strength,  
(A full proportion'd Beauty drawn at length)  
Struck me with awful Love, who could withstand  
The Dart shot from an *Amazonian* Hand?

The dancing Fairy did all Life appear,  
And pleas'd the Lover with a lively Air.

Sometimes my Muse sung fair *Dorinda's* Praise,  
In Smiles she listen'd to the tuneful Lays.

Sometimes by sprightly Airs to Love betray'd,  
With Antick Rounds I warm'd the yielding Maid.  
When brisk *Champaign* reliev'd the Lover's Care,  
(Each Goblet sacred to the absent Fair)

With double Joy I bore the double Load,  
The wanton GODDESS, and the reeling GOD.

In Pleasure thus, my youthful Hours were past,  
For Love's the greatest Pleasure, and the last.  
Guarded by inward Heat, my Breast lay bare  
To Winter-Storms, nor felt the Northern-Air;  
On *Iffs* Banks oft have I naked stood,  
And boldly plung'd into her chilly Flood.  
Oft thro' the Woods I chas'd the flying Prey,  
Nor sunk beneath the Labour of the Day;  
But pressing forward pierc'd the foaming Boar,  
And smear'd my Jav'lin with his reeking Gore.

Henceforth farewell the Lovers soft'ning Joys,  
The warbling Lute, soft Pipe, and mellow Voice,  
Farewel, tho' Musick be the Food of Love,  
No tuneful Numbers can my Passion move.  
The sparkling Juices, tho' by Beauty crown'd,  
Are hurtful grown, and must no more go round,  
Nor artful Measures beat the burthen'd Ground.  
The Savage Game no more Delight can yield;  
Farewel the manly Pleasures of the Field.

Now by enervate AGE at last o'ercome,  
I yield reluctant to the Conqu'ror's Doom:  
With trembling Steps, and foggy Puffs of Breath,  
My weary Limbs crawl to the Verge of Death.  
The Thoughts of Pleasure past torment my Breast,  
For 'tis a dismal Thought to have been blest.

O wretched State! in ling'ring Pain I lie,  
 Robb'd of Life's Use, yet not allow'd to die.  
 Th' Unhappy wish for Death, but wish in vain,  
 Death flies their Courtship with a cold Disdain,  
 While to the youthful and the happy Breast,  
 The bold Intruder's an unwelcome Guest.  
 Transform'd from what I was, how am I grown  
 A frightful Spectre, to my self unknown?  
 My Face to livid Shades its Air resigns,  
 And deep-plow'd Furrows hide the graceful Lines,  
 The Nerves unbrac'd, the fleshy Cloathing gone,  
 A shrivel'd Skin begirds the naked Bone.  
 My Eyes recoiling from the ghastly Sight,  
 Shrink back into their Sockets with the Fright,  
 And with a filmy Veil exclude the Light.  
 Distilling Rheums, the only liquid Store,  
 Mourn their dead Lustre in a scalding Show'r.  
 Tho' bright the Sun, tho' all serene the Sky,  
 O'ercast they seem, and clouded to my Eye.  
 The Day so dubious shines with gloomy Light,  
 I scarce perceive when 'tis reliev'd by Night.  
 No tuneful Accents from my feeble Voice,  
 'Tis now become a hollow murm'ring Noise;  
 The list'ning Ear on ev'ry Word intent,  
 Catches the Sound, and guesses what is meant.  
 Sour'd with the Thoughts of Pleasure past, I praise  
 The good old Times, and blame the present Days.

Doating with AGE my ever-babbling Tongue,  
Boasts how I liv'd, what Feats I did when Young:  
Then strait, forgetting what I told before,  
Again I tell the tedious Story o'er.

In vain does AGE its mighty Wisdom boast,  
'Tis a dear Bargain, and not worth the Cost,  
Purchas'd so late, 'tis scarce enjoy'd, but lost.  
Tho' of large Tracts of Land I am possessor,  
And Bags of Gold lie crowded in my Chest,  
Amidst this Heap of Riches I am poor,  
Since 'tis to me become a useless Store.

Like wretched *Tantalus* within the Flood,  
I stand, but cannot taste the Golden Food.  
No more erect, no more the Heav'ns I see,  
That Attribute of Man is lost to me.  
With down-cast Looks I view my Place of Birth,  
And bow my bended Trunk to Mother-Earth.  
The mould'ring Clay inclines t' its first Abode,  
While a stiff Plant supports the tott'ring Load;  
That often knocks and importunes the Ground,  
To let the weary Traveller lie down.

Open thy Bosome, EARTH, and in the Womb  
Of Nature let me find a second Tomb.  
To thy cold Breast, my colder Limbs receive,  
They're now that very Clod thou once didst give.

Where-e'er



Where-e'er I go, whene'er I walk the Streets,  
 (With Wonder pointed at by all I meet)  
 Some pity the old Man, whilst others cry,  
 There goes the Picture of Mortality.  
 So tender am I grown, I cannot bear  
 The gentle Dew, or softest Southern-Air;  
 Hence are my Lungs with trickling Rheumes oppress'd,  
 And Ptytick-Coughs ne'er cease to tear my Breast;  
 Of Ease they rob the Day, the Night of Rest.  
 Stretch'd on the Rack, a tortur'd Wretch, I wait  
 With Joy the last indulgent Blow of Fate.  
 Happy the Man, whose Life without Allay,  
 In a smooth Stream of Pleasure glides away,  
 And with his Pleasure ends the latest Day.  
 Mine seems to wait on ev'ry Gasp of Breath,  
 'Tis better once to die; *Then welcome Death.*



FROM



FROM A  
GENTLEMAN  
TO HIS  
*Friend in Affliction.*

**N**ONE lives in this tumultuous State of things,  
Where, ev'ry Morning, some new Trouble  
brings;  
But bold Inquietudes will break his Rest,  
And gloomy Thoughts disturb his anxious Breast.  
Angelick Forms, and happy Spirits are  
Above the Malice of perplexing Care:  
But that's a Blessing too sublime, too high  
For those who bend beneath Mortality.  
If in the Body there was but one Part,  
Subject to Pain, and sensible of Smart;

And

And but one Passion could torment the Mind,  
That Part, that Passion busy Fate would find,  
But since Infirmities in both abound,  
Since Sorrow both so many ways can wound,  
'Tis not so great a Wonder that we grieve,  
Sometimes, as 'tis a Miracle we live.

The happiest Man that ever breath'd on Earth,  
With all the Glories of Estate and Birth,  
Had yet some anxious Care to make him know  
No Grandeur was above the reach of Woe.  
To be, from all things that disquiet, free,  
Is not consistent with Humanity.  
Youth, Wit, and Beauty, are such charming Things,  
O'er which, if Affluence spreads her downy Wings,  
We think the Person, who enjoys so much,  
No Care can move, and no Affliction touch.  
Yet could we but some secret Method find  
To view the dark Recesses of the Mind,  
We there might see the hidden Seeds of Strife,  
And Woes in *Embryo* rip'ning into Life;  
How some fierce Lust, or boist'rous Passion, fills  
The lab'ring Spirit with prolifick Ills;  
Pride, Envy, or Revenge, distract his Soul,  
And all Right-Reason's God-like Pow'rs controul.  
But if she must not be allow'd to sway,  
Tho' all without appears serene and gay,

A cank'rous Venom on the Vitals preys,  
And Poisons all the Comforts of his Days.

External Pomp, and visible Success,  
Sometimes contribute to our Happiness;  
But that, which makes it genuine, refin'd,  
Is a good Conscience, and a Soul resign'd:  
Then, to whatever End, Affliction's sent,  
To try our Virtue, or for Punishment,  
We bear it calmly, tho' a pond'rous Woe,  
And still adore the Hand, that gives the Blow,  
For in Misfortunes this Advantage lies,  
They make us Humble, and they make us Wise.  
And he, that can acquire such Virtues, gains  
An ample Recompence for all his Pains.

Too soft Caresses of a prosp'rous Fate,  
The pious Fervours of the Soul abate;  
Tempt to luxurious Ease our careless Days,  
And gloomy Vapours round the Spirits raise.  
Thus lull'd into a Sleep, we dozing lie,  
And find our Ruin in Security;  
Unless some Sorrow comes to our Relief,  
And breaks th' Inchantment by a timely Grief.  
But as in blackest Days, to chear our Sight,  
The Sun bestows some scanty gleams of Light;



So in the most dejected Hours, we may  
 The secret Pleasure have to weep and pray:  
 And those Requests, the speedy'st Passage find  
 To Heav'n, which flow from an afflicted Mind:  
 And while to Him we open our Distress,  
 Our Pains grow lighter, and our Sorrows less.  
 The finest Musick of the Grove, we owe  
 To mournful *Philomel's* harmonious Woe;  
 And while her Grief's in charming Notes exprest,  
 A pointed Bramble wounds her tender Breast;  
 In warbling Melody she spends the Night,  
 And moves at once Compassion and Delight.

No Choice had e'er so happy an Event;  
 But he that made it, did that Choice repent.  
 So weak's our Judgment, and so short's our Sight,  
 We cannot level our own Wishes right:  
 And if sometimes we make a wise Advance,  
 T' our selves we little owe, but much to Chance;  
 So that, when Providence, for secret Ends,  
 Corroding Cares, or sharp Affliction sends,  
 We must conclude it best, it should be so,  
 And not desponding, or impatient grow.  
 For he, that will his Confidence remove,  
 From boundless Wisdom, and eternal Love,  
 To place it on himself, or Humane Aid,  
 Will meet those Woes he labours to evade.

But in the keenest Agonies of Grief,  
Content's a Cordial that still gives Relief.  
Heav'n is not always angry, when it strikes,  
But most chastises those, whom most it likes.  
And if with humble Spirits we complain,  
Relieves the Anguish, or rewards the Pain.





# PROLOGUE TO MUSICK.

---

By Dr. G——TH.

---



HERE Musick with more pow'rful  
Beauty reigns,  
Who can support the Pleasure or the Pain?  
Here their soft Magick these two *Sirens*  
try,

And if we listen, or we look, we die.

Why should we then the wond'rous Tales admire,  
Of *Orpheus*'s Numbers, or *Amphion*'s Lyre?

Of Walls erected by Harmonious Skill,  
 How Mountains mov'd, or rapid Streams flood fill,  
 Behold this Scene of Beauties, and confess  
 The Wonder greater, and the Fiction less!

Like Humane Victims, here we are decreed  
 To Worship those bright Altars where we bleed.  
 Who braves his Fate in Fields, must tremble here,  
 Triumphant Love more Vassals makes than Fear.

No Faction, Homage to the Fair denies,  
 The Right Divine's apparent in their Eyes.  
 That Empire's fix'd that's founded on Desire,  
 Those Flames, the *Vestal's* Guard, can ne'er expire.



SONG.





# PROLOGUE TO MUSICK.

---

By Dr. G——TH.

---



HERE Musick with more pow'rful  
Beauty reigns,

Who can support the Pleasure or the Pain?

Here their soft Magick these two *Syrens*

try,

And if we listen, or we look, we die.

Why should we then the wond'rous Tales admire,  
Of *Orpheus*'s Numbers, or *Amphion*'s Lyre?

Of Walls erected by Harmonious Skill,  
 How Mountains mov'd, or rapid Streams flood fill.  
 Behold this Scene of Beauties, and confess  
 The Wonder greater, and the Fiction less!

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SONG.



## S O N G.

*In Excuse to a LADY, for stealing a Kiss from Her.*

## I.

**B**ELINDA, see from yonder Flow'rs  
 The Bee flies loaded to the Cell;  
 Can you perceive what it devours?  
 Are they impair'd in Shew or Smell?

## II.

So, tho' I robb'd you of a Kiss,  
 Sweeter than their Ambrosial Dew;  
 Why are you angry at my Bliss?  
 Has it at all impoverish'd you?

## III.

'Tis by this Cunning I contrive,  
 In spite of your unkind Reserve,  
 To keep my famish'd Love alive,  
 Which you inhumanly would starve.



*Upon a PATCH, on a LADY's Face.*

**T**HAT artful Speck upon her Face,  
 Had been a Foil in one less Fair;  
 In her it hides a wounding Grace,  
 And she in Mercy plac'd it there.



*A CONFLICT on BUSINESS.*

**B**USINESS, thou Plague and Pleasure of my Life,  
 Thou charming Mistress, thou confounded Wife,  
 How shall I praise or blame Thee, as I ought,  
 Thou'rt very good, and yet thou'rt good for naught;  
 Thou haunt'st me still, and yet I prithee do,  
 For tho' I hate thee for't, I love thee too.  
 Thou choak'st my feeble Muse, and damp'st her Wing,  
 Yet but for Thee, she'd neither Soar nor Sing:  
 Thou Enemy, thou Friend, to Joy, to Grief,  
 Thou bring'st me all, thou bring'st me no Relief;

"Thou



Thou bitter, sweet, thou pleasing, teasing Thing,  
 Thou wear'st a Spur, 'tis true, but not a Sting;  
 Some Respite, prithee do, yet do not give,  
 I cannot with thee, nor without thee live.



*To a PAINTER, after he had finish'd a Lady's  
 Picture.*

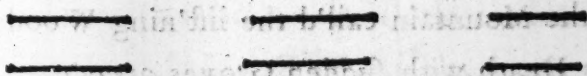
**P**AINTER, thou hast perform'd what Man can do,  
 Only DORINDA's self more Charms can shew,  
 Bold are thy Strokes, and delicate each Touch,  
 But still the Beauties of her Face are such,  
 As cannot justly be describ'd, tho' all  
 Confess 'tis like the bright ORIGINAL.  
 In Her, and in thy Picture, we may view  
 The utmost Nature, or that Art can do,  
 Each is a Master-Piece, design'd so well,  
 That future Times may strive to parallel,  
 But neither Art nor Nature's able to excel.





THE  
Force of Musick:  
A  
F R A G M E N T,

After the Manner of SPENCER.



There, story'd on the Walls were to behold,  
The Miracles by Musick done of old,  
The *Founders* too of ev'ry diff'rent Part,  
That gives Perfection to the sacred Art;  
Who shap'd the bending *Bow*, or stretch'd the *String*,  
Or taught in Notes the *Concave-Wood* to ring,  
Who form'd the *Pipe direct*, or try'd to turn  
The *Spiral Trumpet*, or the *Snake-like Horn*.

There

There stood that \* *Engine*, fam'd in ancient Lays,  
 On which, as the judicious Artist plays,  
 The bubbling Waters in melodious Chime,  
 Run just Divisions thro' the Scale of Time,  
 The tuneful Element in Measure floats,  
 And falls, and rises in harmonious Notes.

Nor wanted there the *First*, whose Skill renown'd,  
 To *high*, and *low*, and *mean*, distinguish'd Sound,  
 With half-clos'd Eyes, and Neck reclin'd he stood,  
 As list'ning to himself in muselful Mood;  
 Before lay Rolls of Notes unfinish'd wrote,  
 Ripe for the Hand to catch the rising Thought.

A distant Quarter of the *Fabrick* held  
 Old fabl'd Artists that in Song excel'd.  
 There on cold *Hæmu's* Top young *Orpheus* stood,  
 And from the Mountain call'd the list'ning Wood;  
 The barren Heath with sudden Groves array'd,  
 Smiles beautiful, and wonders at its Shade.  
 Again the Lyre his flying Fingers sweep,  
 And curling Winds upon the *Ocean* sleep,  
 O'er the rough Stream he casts a pleasing Look,  
 And holds in sweet Suspence the huddling Brook.

---

\* *The Water-Organ.*

But diff'rent Scenes his gloomy Journey show  
To the deep Regions of Infernal Woe:  
The chorded Instrument he wakes, and Sings  
With Voice Divine, responsive to the Strings.

Then Heart-Sick *Agony* uprear'd her Head,  
And *Care* sat smiling on his Iron Bed;  
Convulsive *Pain*, that wont with restless Woe,  
To writh her tortur'd Body to and fro,  
The Smart remitted which she felt before,  
Lean'd on her Hand, and listen'd to his Lore.  
As sharp *Revenge* his Iron Weapon swung,  
He heard; the Blow in Air suspended hung.  
Pale *Fear*, that ever doubtful of Surprise,  
Unweary'd, roll'd the Quickness of her Eyes,  
Shudd'ring, and starting oft from Place to Place,  
Stood still, and fix'd her Sight on *Orpheu's* Face,  
Despairing *Love*, (for Love this World invades)  
Self-slain, the saddest Object of the Shade,  
Was figur'd straying on a lonely Plain,  
And bending seem'd to meet the wasted Strain,  
He look'd, as waking from bewilder'd Thought;  
And in his Arms the fleeting *Æther* caught.

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

L

I M I T A.

But





# IMITATION

Of the Twenty-Seventh Ode

OF THE

## Third Book of *Horace*.

---

*Impios parvæ recinentis Omen,  
Ducat, &c.*

---

**M**AY noisy Rakes affront the Jades,  
Who go to carry on their Trades,  
At *Belvidere's*, or *Fox-Hall*;  
And may Eternal *Billinggate*,  
Be those unlucky *Swingers* Fate,  
Who in *Coition* Pox-All.

## II.

May *Drury-Nymphs* meet *Sailors* Cares;  
 And once in earnest say their Pray'rs,  
 When tost by raging Billows;  
 May *Mantua-Makers*, when got loose,  
 Meet the severest Tongue-abuse,  
 Of Smutty-talking Fellows.

## III.

But, *Phillis*, Thou (might I advise)  
 Should'st, by Example, be more wise,  
 Than once to go on Board;  
 Nor heed what thy *Old Aunt* will say,  
 When she to *Kingston* for a Day,  
 Would go to see My Lord.

## IV.

In vain upon the *Silver Thames*,  
 The Pleasure-Boat divides the Streams,  
 With Oars and Sails made *Gawdy*;  
 Since ev'ry Tongue has License free,  
 Each School-Boy has a Liberty,  
 To vent his Wit in *Bawdy*.

## V.

A *Tradesman's Wife*, perhaps o'th' City,  
 Might like this way of being Witty,  
 To hear what People can say;  
 And when she hears a *Smutty Joke*,  
 Straight her *Imagination's* struck,  
 It tickles M A D A M's Fancy.

## VI.

Don't you remember *Betty Brown*,  
 Whilom a mighty Toast in Town,  
 Tho' now of scanty Fame;  
 How first her *Grandmother* convey'd her,  
 On Board a Pair of Oars, and made her  
 In Surrey do ——— that same?

## VII.

The B A W D, indeed, had much ado,  
 To make th' *Untoward Thing* come to,  
 Spight of her *Patron's* Bounties;  
 But she bethought her 'twas an *Earl*,  
 And where's that unambitious Girl,  
 That would not nose a *Countess*?

## VIII.

But when his *Lordship* had bereft her,  
 Of all *he'd have*, he fairly left her,  
     Possess'd with *Thousand Furies*;  
 First cursing *One*, and then the *Other*,  
 She spard not *Him*, nor her *Grandmother*,  
     But call'd her *damn'd Procurefs*.

## IX.

I guess'd, I thought what he would do,  
 And yet your *Point* you would pursue,  
     Fresh Arguments still urging;  
 Your *Reasons* sure were very good,  
 Thus to seduce your *Flesh and Blood*,  
     And ruin a *poor Virgin*.

## X.

But am I sure that *He* has don't?  
 Oh! yes, I was not dreaming on't,  
     I feel my curst Condition;  
 Alas! these *Lords* are full of Danger,  
 And many a *One* has brought a Stranger,  
     To lodge with foul Physician.



## XI.

Had I the *Ugly Monster* here,  
 His *Flesh* I'd scratch, his *Face* I'd tear,  
     And maul him till he cry'd out;  
 Yet still to my *Revenge* I'd hold,  
 And with the *Part* he's been so bold,  
     I'd P--fs his curfed *Eyes* out.

## XII.

*Fool*, that I was! to leave the *Cits*,  
 The pert young airy *Would-be-Wits*,  
     To follow *Lords* to *Lambeth*;  
 And *Thou*, *Thou Monster*, most abhorr'd,  
 To trust the *Promise* of a *Lord*,  
     I freely wish you damn'd both.

## XIII.

Now I may curse, and rave, and swear,  
 And beat my *Breast*, and tear my *Hair*,  
     And all *Hell's Plague* invoke up;  
 But vain and fruitless all would be,  
 For who will ever care for me,  
     When once they hear *I'm broke up*?

## XIV. Sooner

IXIV.

Sooner than I'll sit mask'd i' th' Pit,  
The Butt of ev'ry noisy Wit,  
And prating Jack-a-dandy;  
I'll march beyond the Tow'r, and there  
Set up a *Walking Wappineer*,  
With *Ginger-Bread* and *Brandy*.

XV.

Vile that I am! not to remove  
From such, who would my Ruin prove,  
If I should ever heed 'em;  
Unless I'd be to *Lust* a *Slave*,  
Draw in the Sparks with *what I have*,  
And ruin Mother *Needham*.

XVI.

Her *Grandmother* stood weeping by,  
Why, prithee, *Chuck*, says she, don't cry,  
Why, what? We're both alive yet;  
Ne'er fear, but with a *little Pains*,  
We'll get a *Livelihood*, *Clear Gains*,  
And *Spight of Beadles*, thrive yet.

## XVII.

And now, this Minute, I've a Thought,  
 By which, I'm sure, much may be got,  
 And you shall share each Farthing;  
 We'll hire this House, ('tis seated well)  
 Wine, Cakes, and Maidenheads, we'll sell,  
 And make a New-Spring-Garden.

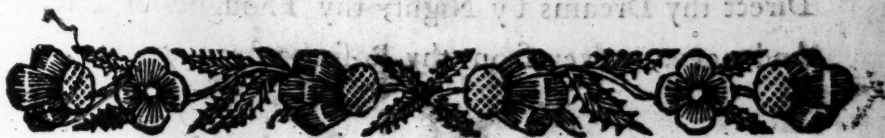


O The Spight of Beards, which



To a L A D Y, *who turn'd her C H E E K.*

**I**S'T for a Grace, or is't for some Dislike,  
 That when I'd kiss your *Lips*, you turn your *Cheek*?  
 Some think this Carriage rude in your Behaviour,  
 But I should rather take it for a Favour.  
 For I, to shew my Kindness, and my Love,  
 Would leave both *Lip* and *Cheek*, to kiss your *Glove*:  
 And with the Cause to make you well acquainted,  
 Your *Glove's* perfum'd, your *Lips* and *Cheeks* are painted.



The DESPAIRING-LOVER.

**C**ONCEAL, fond Man, conceal the mighty Smart,  
 Nor tell *Corinna* she has fir'd thy Heart.  
 In vain would'st thou complain, in vain pretend,  
 To ask a Pity which she must not lend.  
 She's too much thy Superior to comply,  
 And too too fair to let thy Passion dye.  
 Languish in Secret, and with dumb Surprise,  
 Drink the resistless Glances of her Eyes.



At awful Distance entertain thy Grief,

Be still in Pain, but never ask Relief.

Never tempt her Scorn of thy consuming State;

Be any way undone, but fly her Hate.

Thou must submit to see thy Charmer bless

Some happier Youth that shall admire her less;

Who in that lovely Form, that heav'nly Mind,

Shall miss ten Thousand Beauties thou could'st find;

Who with low Fancy shall approach her Charms,

While half enjoy'd she sinks into his Arms.

She knows not, must not know thy nobler Fire,

Whom she, and whom the Muses do inspire;

Her Image only shall thy Breast imploy,

And fill thy captiv'd Soul with Shades of Joy;

Direct thy Dreams by Night, thy Thoughts by Day,

And never, never from thy Bosom stray.





TO THE  
MEMORY  
OF

*Sir Samuel Garth, M. D.*

**T**HE Praise, that in thy LIFE we durst not  
pay,  
Is safely offer'd to the silent Clay:  
Hero's and Poets are of equal Fame,  
And after Death their Shrines an Incense claim.

O! may the Lays cast Lustre o'er thy Urn,  
Like Lamps that in Sepulchral Marbles burn;  
Which waiting on the Minutes of Decay,  
Watchfully pious waste themselves away.

SCANDAL and ENVY fly the sacred Ground,  
Or come with new-felt Awe, and fear to wound,  
Thus *Lions* once forget their wonted Rage,  
When the great *Prophet* lodg'd within the Cage.

Doubtful of Choice, whom first shall I commend,  
The *Man*, the *Patriot*, *Poet*, or the *Friend*?  
In single Characters too rarely met,  
But all in *Thee*, like Gems in Circles set.  
So common Trees their single Fruits produce,  
But the rich Vine in Clusters lends its Juice.

While other lumpish Wits have labour'd long,  
At a dull Satyr, or a nothing Song;  
Thy quicker Genius, with a happy Flight,  
Shot to the destin'd Mark, and hit the *White*;  
Thus heavy *Fowl*, scarce flutter by our Eyes,  
The *Lark* in Minutes mounts from Earth to Skies.

Whatever Virtues of the Social Kind,  
Old Sages taught, or Modern Wit refin'd,  
Grew from thy Nature, as its proper Root,  
*Art* gave them *Flow'rs*, and *Learning* solid *Fruit*.  
Well didst thou chuse a *Science* from the rest,  
Where thy *Humanity* might shine confest,  
To shew Heav'n's Blessings not bestow'd in vain,  
Smooth the sick Couch, and calm the midnight Pain.

To make the World unmock'd by happy Skies,  
And bid the Sun with chearful Lustre rise.

Thrice happy Skill! when thy Professors know  
The secret Joy of mitigating Woe;  
Studious of Health, unmindful of the Gain,  
While they give Aid, they share a Suff'ers Pain.  
O'er the pale Virgin's fading Roses mourn,  
And sigh — till sick'ning Chiefs for Conquests burn.  
Such, GARTH, were Marks of thy excelling Art,  
These built a College in each grateful Heart.

O! may the pious Youth to Thee return,  
The Grief once destin'd to his Parent's Urn,  
The Tears thy Pow'r from Nations us'd to save,  
For dying Patriots — flow upon thy Grave!  
But most the Muse with tuneful Sorrow strive,  
To deck thy Tomb, and keep thy Fame alive.

Vain Hopes in them — For as when Kings are slain,  
The Palaces they rais'd their Pride maintain;  
So to late Times thy polish'd Work shall stand,  
Spreading the Glory of the Builder's Hand;  
With thy own NASSAU, and thy MARLBRO' live,  
And equal Fame receive, and equal give,





## S O N G.

## I.

**Y**E little Loves, that round her wait,  
 To bring me Tidings of my Fate;  
 As CELIA on her Pillow lies,  
 Ah, gently Whisper, STREPHON dies.

## II.

If this will not her Pity move,  
 And the proud Fair disdains to love;  
 Smile, and say, 'tis all a Lye,  
 And haughty STREPHON scorns to dye.





*Upon seeing a* L A D Y *Embroider.*

**A**S in the Web *Amynta* tries,  
 From Nature's self, to win the Prize,  
 On her soft Limbs she means to wear  
 The blooming Work her Hands prepare.  
 What Art and Fancy can bestow,  
 Those Silken Sprigs already Show;  
 When to her lovely Waste they cleave,  
 Their Sweetness too they'll soon receive.  
 Yet strange! the Fair One should incline,  
 With such prepost'rous Skill to shine  
 In Summer's Pride, and Flow'rs drest,  
 Whilst Ice and Winter's in her Breast.



*The* C H O I C E.

**N**O, I shan't envy him, whoe'er he be,  
 That stands upon the Battlements of State;  
 Stand there who will for me,  
 I'd rather be Secure than Great.

In being so high, the Pleasure is but small.

But great the Ruin if I chance to fall.

Let me in some silent Shade securely lie,

Happy in Leisure and Obscurity;

Whil'st others place their Joys

In Popularity and Noise;

Let my soft Minutes glide serenely on,

Like subterranean Streams unheard, unknown.

Thus, when my Days are all in Silence past,

A good plain Countryman I'll die at last;

Death cannot chuse but be

To him a mighty Misery,

Who to the World was popularly known,

And dies a Stranger to himself alone.





# TRANSLATION

OF

## H O R A C E,

BOOK I. Ode 19.

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By Mr. WELSTED.

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*Mater Sæva Cupidinum.*

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HE Queen, who gives soft Wishes Birth,  
The youthful God of Wine and Mirth,  
And wanton, Libertine desire,  
My Mind afresh with Love inspire.

Bright *Glycera* revives the Smart,  
The Flame that kindles in my Heart.



The Polish of her Neck out-shines  
 The Marble of the *Parian* Mines:  
 Her girlish Wantonness has Charms,  
 And with her froward Play she warms.  
 Doating on her Face, I die,  
 A Face too dazzling for the Eye.  
 All *Venus* rages in my Breast,  
 And leaves her *Cyprian* Groves unblest:  
 Nor will she suffer me to write  
 Of hardy *Scythians* put to Flight;  
 Or Death from *Parthian* Quivers sent,  
 Or Things to love not pertinent.  
 Here, Boy, to cruel *Venus*, here  
 Of living Turf an Altar rear:  
 Sweet Herbs, and Frankincense bestow,  
 And let the Winny Off'ring flow:  
 These Rites the GODDESS will appease,  
 And give my frantick Bosome ease.





TO

Mrs. B---g---le,

Upon her leaving the

PLAYHOUSE.



T length, O Nymph, forget injurious Rage;  
Revive the Town, and raise the sinking Stage;  
Enough is giv'n to Honour, and to Spleen,  
Return, and be a Princess, or a Queen.

Be any thing — You grace your ev'ry Part,  
In you 'tis natural to gain the Heart.  
And still you Act in such a moving Strain,  
You make the Audience feel what you but feign.  
Return — Your num'rous, firm Admirers shew,  
Their Tongues, their Hands, were never false to you.

Whene'er

Whene'er you spoke, if no Applause they paid,  
 'Twas all for fear of losing what you said.  
 As grateful Intervals with Time supply'd,  
 They prais'd with Pleasure, and they clap'd with Pride.  
 Let not a *Man* provoke you to depart,  
 Who like a Tyrant rules *Apollo's* Art:  
 Who, blind to your superior Merit, durst  
 Postpone ev'n you, and set an O-----d first!  
 Your Virtue, not her Worth, produc'd this Slight;  
 He gave a *Day*, where he might hope a *Night*.  
 Hard! that for this you hasten to be gone,  
 And unoffending Thousands smart for One!  
 Think what they were, nor thus from Crowds retire;  
 Gods! how All throng'd, and sweated with Desire;  
 Pleas'd to be prest, when you requir'd their Sight,  
 And made your *Benefit* their own Delight;  
 Think how again they'd fasten on your View,  
 And be for ever thankful, ever true.  
 Pity, ah pity the *Most Fragrant* P---r,  
 Come, and at least content his Eye and Ear;  
 Those lesser Comforts would restore his Case,  
 Your Absence was the Cause of his Disease.  
 Think how distress'd *Oriana* wants your Aid,  
 B---f---w's a Murd'rer to the charming Maid;  
 Who that's unbrib'd with private Joys can bear  
 That squeaking, awkward Shadow of a Play'r?  
*Granville* implores, the sweetest Rhiming Bard,  
 Well he deserves, his Muse can well reward.

But above all, think how the *Mourning Bride*  
 To endless Times her weeping Form must hide,  
 Or drag'd to Light by some officious Friend,  
 Move faint Regard, and only not offend,  
 Unless she wears your Ornaments of Woe,  
 And from your Eyes her pearly Sorrows flow;  
 Your *Congreve* begs, with Notes, like *Orpheus* blest,  
 Ev'n Rocks the *Thracian's* Harmony confest.  
 How *Otway's* ravish'd Shade would Smile to hear,  
 That his *Lavinia* was your latest Care?  
 You added Softness to the softest Strains,  
 And made your *Marius* envy'd 'midst his Pains.  
 To future Ages shall this Wonder last,  
 That you, just possible! your self surpass.  
 If no Perswasions urge you back, we'll guess  
 Your Fame already grown to that Excess,  
 You seem'd unable to be more Complete,  
 And so in full Perfection chose Retreat.  
 Thus Saints remove, but with this Diff'rence shown,  
 They die to meet, you live to shun Renown.



O D E





# O D E

FOR

# M U S I C K.



N him true Happiness shall wait,  
 Who shunning noisy Pomp and State,  
 Those little Blessings of the Great,  
 Consults the Golden Mean;  
 In prosp'rous Gales with Care he steers,  
 Nor adverse Winds, dejected, fears,  
 In ev'ry Turn of Fortune bears  
 A Face and Mind serene.

Peace, bright GODDESS! when thy Smile  
 Propitious, glads our happy Isle;

MISCELLANY POEMS. 239

See him soft in Ease reclin'd,  
On thy Arts intent his Mind;  
All the Muses round attending,  
Ev'ry Muse's Friend befriending;  
All thy Gifts he knows to use,  
But cautious, the Delight pursues.

Hark! a wild tumultuous Band  
To Benefits ingrate,  
Foes to Right, and just Command,  
Disturb the peaceful State.

The Patriot, with erected Ears,  
Harsh Sounds of Civil Discord hears;  
His Breast, a Stranger long to Fears,  
A gen'rous Ardor warms;  
GEORGE and fair Liberty the Cause,  
His keen, vindictive Sword he draws,  
For BRITAIN'S KING, for BRITAIN'S LAWS,  
And foremost shines in Arms,  
Pale and trembling at the Sight,  
Mad Rebellion, Faction bold,  
Unable to sustain the Fight,  
Betake themselves to Flight;  
So Satan shrunk of old  
Beneath th' Archangel's Might.

PEACE returning, thro' the Air,  
Gently born on Silken-Wings;

All her Beauties fresh and fair,

Solid, lasting Pleasure brings;

Each heav'nly Muse resumes her Lyre,

*Clio*, eldest of the Choir,

Sings the Man, who great in War,

Fighting for his Country's Good,

Bravely obtain'd a graceful Scar,

And spilt his Free-born Blood.

PEACE returning, thro' the Air,

Gently born on Silken-Wings,

All her Beauties fresh and fair,

Solid, lasting Pleasure brings.



The END of the First VOLUME.